

SPECIAL SALE OF

Ladies' Spring Jackets
Look Over
THE
BARGAINS.

NEW
SPRING
GOODS.

AT IRVIN GRAY'S.

We Offer This Week the Following:

\$11.00 Jackets at \$8.00.
9.50 " " 7.25.
7.00 " " 5.50.
6.00 " " 4.75.
5.00 " " 4.00.

THESE ARE BARGAINS.

* * * COME AND SEE THEM.

A post office has been established at Sanders, this county.

W. G. Chapman was at Stevens Point Monday on business.

Conco & Sons' mill is running in excellent shape this season.

Prof. Griffin's newly built house on his claim was destroyed by fire last week.

The plans for Irvin Gray's new store are being drawn by an Oshkosh architect.

Eby & Prendlow are receiving fresh fish daily, and have them on sale in their markets.

The Rhinelander Lumber & Shingle Co. lost about 500,000 feet of logs last week. They burned up on the railway.

Paul J. Millard and wife, of Antigo, stopped off in this city Tuesday. They are enroute for Minnesota, where they will visit friends and relatives.

The ladies of the M. E. church will give a soap bubble and weight social at the church parlor next Wednesday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

The fire company and a hundred or more volunteers did good work Thursday in stopping a fire which was coming up threateningly along the west bank of the river.

Mr. Penney, mill superintendent for Geo. E. Wood, will either buy or build a residence here. He is now at Sanders preparing to build the mill, but no work of construction has yet been done.

Fire got so close to the Garth Lumber Co.'s plant and town that they telegraphed to Wausau for an engine, which was sent up on a special train. The fire was checked before the engine arrived however.

All lovers of good orchestra music should turn out and hear the concert to be given to-morrow night by Dana's orchestra, of Wausau. They will render late operatic selections from eight until nine o'clock, before the Sons of Veterans' dancing party begins.

Joseph Forsythe and Miss Alice Ferguson were married by Rev. Mr. Blackwell last month. They will begin housekeeping in rooms over W. L. Beers store next week. The many friends of the young couple extend congratulations.

Circus day Saturday.

Frank Alexander, of Ironwood, was in town over Sunday.

Lots in the South Park addition will be offered for sale Saturday.

Geo. Stout and wife, of Antigo, visited friends in this city Tuesday.

Lower sections of the slate had badly damaged last week by frost.

Among the building improvements in progress is a large upright to Ezra Chafee's home.

Chris Eby has sold his interest in the moving outfit owned by him and Frank Cahn to Mr. Beers.

There is some talk of the Rhinelander Boat Club bringing their steamer from Tomahawk lake to LakeJulia for the summer.

Helena Secor and her competitor company all next week at the Rhinelander Opera House, opening play, "Galley Slave". Popular prices. Seats on sale Saturday morning at Jenkinsons.

Rev. A. Striemer, of Sleepy Eye, Minn., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church Sunday morning. A full house should greet him. It is quite likely that he will be secured as permanent pastor.

The town board have reduced the license on opera house entertainment from eight and five dollars to two and three. The latter figures are amounts charged in nearly all towns of the state.

Joe Merrill, who has a homestead near Minocqua, took some of the boys from here over to his farm Sunday. His four acres cleared, and a fine garden started. He expects to raise several hundred bushel of potatoes this season.

The water reserve lots in the north part of town which were brought into market by a special bill giving the proceeds of the sale of them to the school district fund, will be sold to the highest bidder, for cash, each lot separately, on the 8th day of July, 1891, at the Wausau Land Office. The lots have all been valued at from \$5 to \$165 dollars, and while the highest bidder gets them, no bid less than the appraised value will be considered. There is but little likelihood of there being much bidding on any one piece. The disposition here is not to make those who need a lot there pay an exorbitant price for it.

A Big Tax Suit.

The Land Log & Lumber company, by their attorneys, Winekler, Flinders, Smith, Bottum and Vilas, applied to Judge McCormick last Friday for an injunctional order restraining the county treasurer from selling the lands belonging to them, situated in the town of Minocqua. The order was granted and the lands as advertised not sold. The complaint of the Land, Log & Lumber Co. is a long dissertation on the acts of Minocqua town officials, most of which are made with the evident purpose of prejudicing the court, as many of them have no bearing on the case. For instance the complaint alleges that the first annual town meeting in Minocqua was not held according to law; that the officers acting for the town were not officers in fact,—all of which, while untrue, cuts no figure even if true, with regard to this year's tax. The complaint further recites that Assessor Mercer was not elected according to law, and that he failed to place valuations upon the different pieces of real property in the town of Minocqua either intelligently or justly; that he did not use the best information obtainable to secure knowledge of these values. It also charges that the school tax and road levy were unlawful and gives a long list of orders which have been drawn by the town board, which it claims are illegal. The answer drawn by District Attorney Shelton, denies the charge made, answers that the officers of Minocqua were duly and lawfully elected; that the assessor carried on his work in a proper and lawful manner. That his information was obtained as to valuations by methods prescribed by law, and cites the fact that Oneida county in which Minocqua is situated had complied with the requirements of Sec. 1053 of the Statutes and obtained complete inspection lists of all unimproved lands in the town and that the assessor used these inspection books as one of his sources of information. The answer also recites the fact that the plaintiff's lands are not valued in any instance at more than they would sell for at private sale, and that the conduct of public business in the town of Minocqua has not been unlawful as the plaintiffs allege.

The case is brought with the evident intention of scaring the Minocqua town board and officers for future effect. When the lists were returned as delinquent to the county treasurer the Land Log & Lumber Company offered

to settle its taxes there with 60 cents on the dollar. The offer was refused by chairman Sullivan, who offered to have deducted \$600.00 from the amount of their tax, which amount would cover the share of school and alleged illegal road levy. This offer was also refused and the case now promises to go through to the supreme court, unless the plaintiffs concur to accept the \$600 reduction which offer has been made by District Attorney Shelton. An argument will be made before Judge Parish at Ashland on June 2, to dissolve the injunction. In case it is granted the treasurer will sell the lands and the plaintiffs be compelled to pay the tax with some good sized costs in addition. The injunction was not applied for until the last moment, so that no answer or argument could be made before the Treasurer's sale.

Big Lumber Deal.

Hunter & Connors, of Merrill, who put in fifteen million near Rainbow last winter have sold the entire lot to Brown & Robbins, of this place. The price paid is not made public, although the logs are thought to have been bought at a bargain, 5,000,000 of them are now in the boom and the balance are coming down the river. Brown & Robbins will not be able to saw them at their mill, as they have a full season's stock. On Monday they sold five million of them to the D. B. Stevens Lumber Company, who will begin sawing them just as soon as their mill can be got ready. The other ten million will be sawed at either the Buttrick or Olson & Mickeljohn mill. The slopping of these fifteen million insures a season's cut for a couple of mills, and is a big help to the place in that way. Brown & Robbins will probably sell the entire cut when done in one lot, as they have formerly done.

Another Business Block.

Irvin Gray has purchased the vacant lot next to Crane, Fenlon & Co.'s store of them, and will at once begin the erection of a brick store to be occupied by himself. It will be modern and fire proof, and will add a great deal to the appearance of Brown street. The fact that Mr. Gray has decided to build and remain in business permanently is good news for us all. He is one of the best business merchants the town has ever had and his store has always been a credit to the place.

Both sire and child of the Vindictor must have either been run out of ammunition or taken a tumble. The paper appeared this week with only about a half-column on "Bish," which consisted of making faces and yelling "fifty dollars."

The tax sale is progressing rapidly. The county will realize something like \$15,000 from the certificates, two-thirds of which are being taken by Miss Pier. The contest for a few certificates has run them down to the 500th part of a forty, but usually there is little strife for them.

Oconto county is well fixed for deputy game wardens. In addition to John Reardon, of this place, Captain Dud Fernandez has appointed Mike Holland of Eagle River, L. Pixley, of Rainbow, and W. H. Thomas, of Minocqua, Mark Bellis, 399-149, and Pat McGinley. These are the only ones reported up to date. Dud thinks that there is going to be considerable trouble in getting the machine started all right, as there are thirty two laws which relate to hunting and fishing. He is going to publish them in book form.

Kathen, the "Kook."

When Ben Sweet's drive was here last week the cook fell from grace, and at supper time instead of having his arms in the dough he was revelling in the arms of Morpheus. Ben started up town to hire a new cook, and met Joe Kathen. After the customary "well, how are the comin'," etc., Ben said "Joe, come down to supper with me." Joe accepted the invitation and on arriving at the wainman Ben was apparently greatly surprised to learn that his cook was drunk. He apologized for inviting an old friend to supper at such a time, and swore around the camp until the water was blue. Joe did just what Ben had figured on. He made a brief speech on the uncertainty of man, while within the limits of Rhinelander, and swelling out his little chest, sailed in to get supper for forty men, while Ben went back up town to find a cook. Supper was served in due time and Ben was profuse in his apologies for the situation and praise of the biscuit all through the meal. When it was over it was explained to Joe. Since that he stops at the Rapids House altogether.

The talented actress, Miss Ida Van Courtland, with an excellent company will play at the Grand Opera House here on the 29th and 30th inst. The Ashland News says of her: No actress has ever appeared before an Ashland audience that equals Ida Van Courtland. From the standpoint of real dramatic art, the rendition of "Forget-me-not" at the Grand Opera House last night has never been approached. The costumes were brilliant and tasty and the supporting cast all that could be desired.

Fresh strawberries received daily at Read's.

The location of the county fair grounds has not yet been decided.

Warren Milton, book-keeper and business manager for Schrodt & Ahrens at Stella, was in the city Monday.

Choice select Earl Rose and Beauty of Helenon seed potatoes \$1.25 per bushel at Jewell & Bastany's.

Rain came yesterday, about enough to lay the dust. The eastern part of the county has had considerable rain within the past few days.

Alex. McRae and family arrived at Anacortes last week. John DeVoin, who has won both fame and fortune in that country, is general manager of a new hotel there.

Peter Leno was brought up before Municipal Judge Brown for violating the Sunday closing ordinance. He plead guilty to having sold liquor on that day and was fined five dollars and cost.

Helena Secor Theatre Co., all next week at the Rhinelander Opera House in an entirely new repertoire of the latest New York successes. This Co. comes well recommended and has the record of playing four consecutive weeks in Chicago and the patrons of the Rhinelander are assured a week of strictly first class amusement at popular prices. Secure Reserved seats at Jenkinsons.

A man named Wood, who lives near the Catholic church, went home last evening decorated with a good sized "jag" and after whipping his wife, proceeded to tear up the clothes she had been washing that day. An officer went there and Wood appeared with an axe, informing everyone within hearing distance to disappear or get cut in halves. He was taken to the lock-up and will have his hearing this afternoon.

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A Couple of Fights.

Jimmy Davis, the light weight fighter whose colors were lowered here a couple of years ago by the "Cockney," and who is now living at Racine, is to fight a pug named Dick England, who is at work in Tomahawk, on June 7th, within twenty-five miles of Rhinelander. They are to fight at 133 pounds for a purse of \$100.00. Both men are now training for the match.

Dave Johnson and Frank Brouette, of this city, are to fight some time during the month of June, for a purse. Brouette is in training at Daniels' under the latter's tutelage. Johnson has not yet gone into training.

SCENES OF SPORT.

The Wisconsin State Base Ball League opens the season today. If the league lasts the season out it will prove a surprise.

Billy Meyer, the Streeter "Cyclone" was again whipped by Bowen, of New Orleans, Tuesday. The fight was decided on a foul.

Tonight the big contest of heavy weights, Jackson and Corbett, takes place at San Francisco. Corbett seems to be the favorite among sporting men.

When the new fair grounds are built Rhinelander can enjoy some excellent ball games. The State League clubs can easily be got here, and Rhinelander has plenty of material to form a first-class team. With enclosed grounds it will be an easy matter to pay expenses of visiting clubs.

Some Rhinelander horses will doubtless participate in the Antigo July races.

The big fight between Fitzsimmons and Hall which takes place in Saint Paul July 12, will be witnessed by a large number from all over Northern Wisconsin.

As yet no squatter, settler, home-steader or anybody else has had the temerity to answer Mark Bellis' challenge to play the fliers the game of base ball.

Daniels, the local middleweight, will accommodate Tommy Ryan at any time for any reasonable amount. He can be addressed here.

Lots for Sale.

Choice residence lots for sale in Cohn, Bing & Slimmer's First, Second and Third Additions to Rhinelander at greatly reduced figures. Enquire of E. G. Sturdevant.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

Epitome of the Week.

INTERESTING NEWS COMPILATION.

FROM WASHINGTON.

During April the local steel exports were \$16,755,371, against \$15,533,912 in April, 1890.

Cotton exports from the United States during April aggregated 417,171 bales, valued at \$9,300,000, against 288,122 bales, valued at \$10,624,558, in April, 1890.

A decision by Attorney General Miller says that foreign exhibitors at the world's fair at Chicago can bring skilled laborers to set up and operate machinery or exhibits.

The statistician of the department of agriculture shows in his report an increase since April of last year of more than 100 per cent. in the price of corn and oats, and at per cent. and more in wheat.

The total value of the exports of domestic mineral oils from the United States during the month of April was \$8,808,359. The value of beef and hog exports for April was \$9,239,581.

APRIL twenty-three years of life the Evening Star, of Washington, has suspended.

The business failures in the United States during the seven days ended on the 15th numbered 237 against 242 the preceding week and 212 for the corresponding week last year.

A writ of error has been issued by Justice Brewer of the United States supreme court in the Nebraska contested gubernatorial case.

It was estimated by the internal revenue department that the amount of whisky manufactured in the United States during the present year will be 120,000,000 gallons, being 5,000,000 gallons more than was produced in the United States in any previous year of history.

The design for the new two-dollar certificates prepared to prevent a repetition in counterfeiting the old has been approved by Secretary Foster. The vignette of the late Secretary Winfield Scott is the center of the note.

PRESIDENT HARRISON and his party, who left Washington April 14, reached home again at 5:30 p.m. on the 13th. The party traveled over 16,000 miles and the president delivered 140 speeches during the tour.

THE EAST.

Former fires were raging along the Alleghenies in Pennsylvania at Huntingdon, Warren, Bradford and Meadville, and great damage had been done.

The firm of Levy Bros. & Co., one of the largest wholesale clothing houses in New York, failed for \$900,000.

At the age of 71 years Rev. Dr. J. D. Welchman, Yale's oldest living graduate, died at his home in Manchester, Vt. He was a member of the class of 1815.

Fires destroyed the steamers George Roberts, Eagle and Twilight at Pitts-

bury.

A PETITION has been prepared by the New York Union League club to be circulated among citizens throughout the country, regardless of party affiliations, asking congress to pass laws that will protect this country from the tide of undesirable European immigrants.

FLAMES in the old "Sailors' exchange" building in New York caused a loss of \$100,000.

The American Bible society celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary at New York.

It was believed that over 150 persons had perished in forest fires in the vicinity of Austin, Pa.

The firm of A. Levy & Bros., wholesale dealers in boys' clothing in New York, has failed for \$400,000.

In session at Philadelphia the supreme council of Catholic Knights of America favored excommunication of persons addicted to ardent spirits.

The wholesale drug firm of MacKown, Baver, Ellis & Co., in Philadelphia, has failed. The house was established in 1740.

By an explosion of gas in a sewer in a street in New York six men were probably fatally burned.

WEST AND SOUTH.

A FARMER named Thomas Saunders, of Le Mars, Ia., shot his mother-in-law, Mary Lester, and then put a bullet in his own brain. Domestic trouble was the cause.

In the lumber region in northern Michigan forest fires have mown a fiery swath through the heart of three counties, and besides inflicting immense damage to property have probably destroyed human life in many places. The villages of Ota, Fields, Park City, Lillie, Clinton and Walkerville have been wiped out of existence. In each case the destruction of the homes of the inhabitants was accompanied by heavy loss to the lumber firms having sawmills at the places named.

ONE THOUSAND negroes left Hannibal, Mo., for Montana and Washington.

AT Wellston, O., Jade Seal was arrested for the murder of John Carg. The crime was committed ten years ago.

Fire destroyed the plant of the Eagle Refining Company at Lima, O., causing a loss of \$100,000.

The arrest of Richard Trumbull, a member of the Chilian congress, was made at San Francisco for violation of the neutrality laws, but later was released on \$15,000 bonds.

If it be true that the Itata was off Acapulco Friday night, she had two full days' start of the Charleston when the latter started again in pursuit last night. This is about the same lead that she had when she started from San Francisco, so that it does not appear that the case is any nearer a conclusion. But if the two vessels now follow the same course, the Charleston, steaming at fourteen knots, should come up with the Itata by tomorrow night. This event, of course, is based upon the assumption which is not founded upon a strong probability, that the two vessels are steering exactly the same course.

If the Charleston passes the Itata, the next port which they are likely to be heard from is Panama, about 1,200 miles from Acapulco, or Payta, Peru, still further down the coast. As it is the vessels have probably covered less than half the distance to Iquique, the nearest Chilean port.

WITHIN five years child labor in the cigar factories of Cincinnati has decreased wages 50 per cent., and the children in the factories outnumber adults two to one.

The eighteenth national conference of charities and corrections convened at Indianapolis, Ind., on the 1st.

On the 13th the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the capital of the state of South Carolina at Columbia was celebrated.

The Order of Railway Conductors in convention at St. Louis decided to join the Federation of Railway Employees.

BLIND marble and building sand stone of fine quality was discovered by ex-United States Treasurer Huston on his farm near Connorsville, Ind.

In the Otaganian country, Washington, over 100 Indians have died of the disease.

In Wisconsin over 100 square miles of virgin forests were reported to have been destroyed by fire.

On all the divisions of the Chicago & Northwestern railway the switchmen were discharged and new men put in their places. The company said the men were constantly making trouble. The brakemen and conductors stood by the company.

IN the river near Alvarado, Kan., Mrs. Arthur Briscoe, aged 81 years, was drowned. Mrs. Briscoe had been married six times and had thirty-one children, four of whom died. All her husband were dead.

NEAR Salem, Ore., four members of the family of Adam H. Seunge were buried side by side, all having died of la grippe within a few hours of each other.

A RULY, Samuel Riley and Betty Fowley of Stanford, Ill., drank acetone, which they mistook for whisky, and were fatally poisoned.

MICHAEL LORAWATZ, a Russian exile, now a resident of Tacoma, Wash., has given his heir to \$10,000,000 by the death of an uncle in Russia.

DELAWARE estimates her peach crop at 7,000,000 bushels. The late frost may decrease the size of the bushels but the number will remain the same.

IT is rather funny that the governments of Europe have spent so much money preparing for war, that not one of them is now able financially to enter upon active hostilities.

NEXT fall a gentleman fifty-three years of age will enter the class of '91 of Princeton college. During the civil war he was a sophomore in that institution, but left it to fight for his country.

SOMETHING like 200,000 oil wells have been drilled in the United States since the discovery of petroleum, which at an average cost of \$2,000, which is very low, gives a total expenditure of \$400,000,000.

IN the society of the Red Cross a special archaeological department is forming, the mission of which will be to prevent the vandalistic destruction of old monuments and works of art in time of war.

QUEEN VICTORIA has signified her willingness to pay Prince Albert's debts, amounting to \$1,500,000. She, however, stipulates that none of the money shall pass through his hands. However pleasing a gentleman he is, the queen doesn't regard him a good financier.

IN a house in Lawrence, Mass., are a number of interesting relics of an old-time Bostonian, with several years records of the Boston post office. The letter date back to 1804, and show the curious fact that ten letters received in a single day was a good mail, while on some days but one incoming letter was recorded.

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THE death of Rev. Walter L. Hoffmann occurred as Fern, Ind., aged 75 years. During his ministry of fifty-four years he officiated at 1,300 weddings and 1,500 funerals.

Dr. G. H. Hunt killed Adam and Sitt Hart at Atkins, Ark., the result of a family feud. Hunt said he had had three more battles to kill.

AT Trenton, Ga., Reuben Moore, a negro 21 years old, was hanged for the murder of Henry Slade, a colored companion, on June 24 last.

Some bricks fell from a new building at Birmingham, Ala., among a group of school children, killing one and injuring four.

A GAMBLER named Jurden at Denver, Mont., who had killed a rancher for four dollars, was lynched by citizens.

AT the democratic state convention in Louisville John Young Brown was nominated for governor of Kentucky.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE RUSSIAN government was expelling all the Jews living beyond the Caspian sea.

THE rebellion in Honduras has been crushed and the rebels dispersed.

At Havana, Cuba, a workman rode a horse into the bay to give him a bath, when a shark seized the man, pulled him from the horse's back and devoured him.

Premier Rinieri said in the Italian chamber of deputies that the New Orleans affair was simply a legal question, and that the departure of Fava from Washington had been oriented as a protest against the action of the United States.

JOHN SINXON, his two sons, his hired man and his housekeeper have been found guilty at Rochester, Ont., of counterfeiting American silver coins.

IN Terl, Italy, sixteen anarchists were arrested who had in their possession plans to pillage and destroy by dynamite banks, factories and other property.

IN Russia nineteen workmen were drowned in the Dnieper river, the boat in which they were embarked being run into by a steamer.

Locusts were again devastating Algeria. A caravan of Morocco traversed through swarms of locusts for thirty-two days.

LATER.

The Charleston on Again.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—The navy department today received a dispatch that the Charleston sailed southward from Acapulco last evening, leaving the Esmeralda in port.

There was no word of the Itata. The presumption is that the Charleston commander was satisfied that the Itata had passed Acapulco either before his arrival there, or while he lay in port, and that he had resumed the long chase. It is estimated that the Itata has been stealing along at about seven knots, and as she was ten days out last Friday night, she should at that time have been just at Acapulco, where it is reported from that place that she met the Esmeralda.

IN the lumber region in northern Michigan forest fires have mown a fiery swath through the heart of three counties, and besides inflicting immense damage to property have probably destroyed human life in many places. The villages of Ota, Fields, Park City, Lillie, Clinton and Walkerville have been wiped out of existence. In each case the destruction of the homes of the inhabitants was accompanied by heavy loss to the lumber firms having sawmills at the places named.

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MUSKEGON'S MISFORTUNE.

Flame, Smoke, Ashes, Particles, Blocks of Fine Industries Burned and Elegant Residences in the Midway City, Causing a Loss of Over \$600,000.

MUSKEGON, Mich., May 18.—Fourteen squares in the heart of this city, including much of the best business and residence property, covering from thirty-five to forty acres of ground, were devastated Saturday afternoon by a fire which raged only because nothing remained in its path. Stores, residences and public buildings were swept away like chaff, and when at last the conflagration ended property valued at over half a million dollars had vanished and hundreds of people were homeless. A strong wind was blowing and the flames spread with such appalling rapidity that many people barely escaped with their lives. Citizens whose houses were not destroyed promptly came to the relief of the unfortunate, and all found shelter.

Fire started at 6:30 o'clock in the Lambwell hotel barns, just off Pine street, from some unknown cause, and, aided by a strong wind, swept away ten blocks up Pine street, one of the chief business streets of the city. Then, by a sudden shift in the wind, the flames were driven toward Terre Avenue, one of the finest residence streets in the city, where they destroyed many houses. By 9 o'clock fire had reached the southern district of the city, where there was more space between the houses, and the firemen succeeded in considerably reducing the progress of the flames. As the high buildings burned there was great danger from flying firebrands and the firemen were obliged to continually shift their positions. The Grand Rapids' engines were put to work as soon as they arrived.

The total number of dwellings burned was 215. The total loss is \$65,000. The total insurance is about \$25,000. Many of the burned families have no insurance.

THE CHARLESSTON ON AGAIN.

Washington, May 18.—The navy department Saturday afternoon received a dispatch announcing the arrival of the United States steamer Charleston at Acapulco. A cablegram was also received at the navy department announcing the arrival of the cruisers San Francisco and Baltimore at Iquique.

An order was sent Sunday by Secretary Tracy to Commodore McCauley, now on his flagship, the Baltimore, at Iquique, Chile, placing the Charleston under his immediate command so that in future the movements of the vessel will be under his direction instead of under orders from the navy department.

ACAPULCO, Mex., May 18.—The Charleston started south Sunday night.

The Esmeralda is not yet coated.

The pursuit of the Itata has not yet been abandoned.

The original orders from the navy department to capture the Chilean insurgent and return it to San Diego to be placed in the same position it was prior to its escape will be carried out. Nothing has been heard of the Itata.

The Charleston's officers evidently expect the Itata will not run into Acapulco.

What the Charleston now intends doing will depend on Capt. Remey's orders.

It is not improbable that he will continue straight on for Chile, stopping for coal at Panama, in order to join the other ships of our navy at Iquique.

ASIA.

THE NEW NORTH.

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THE RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.,
Rhinelander, Wis.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Treasurer.....	G. H. Clark
County Clerk.....	E. F. Breton
Surrogate.....	J. W. Morford
Attala County Attorney.....	J. W. McCormick
Register of Deeds.....	D. S. Johnson
Clerk of Court.....	L. L. Stewart
Supt. of Schools.....	A. D. French
Surveyor.....	T. L. Kennedy

CHURCHES & SOCIETIES.

Congregational Church.

SERVICES every Sunday at 10:45 a. m., Son Service at 7:30 p. m., and regular services Sabbath School immediately after morning service.

Catholic Church.

SERVICES every Sunday at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school every Sunday at 3 p. m.

Methodist Church.

SERVICES every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., Son Service at 7:30 p. m., and regular service Sabbath School immediately after morning service.

Rev. D. C. Savage, Pastor

German Lutheran Church.

SERVICES twice a month. Also Sunday school Church on North. Rev. J. DeJoss, Pastor

Baptist Church Calendar.

SUNDAY.

Public Service and Sermon..... 11:00 a. m.

Sunday School..... 12:00 m.

Evening Prayer Services..... 7:30 p. m.

Public Service and Sermon..... 7:30 p. m.

TUESDAY.

Young People's Meeting..... 7:30 p. m.

THURSDAY.

General Prayer Meeting..... 7:30 p. m.

All are invited. All are welcome.

G. A. R.

JOHN A. LOGAN POST, No. 232. Regular meeting 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month at hall in Brown's block.

RICHARD REED, Com., L. J. HILLING, Adj.

L. O. F.

ONEIDA LODGE, No. 28, meets every

first and third Wednesday of each month.

MOSLEY'S CELEBRATION.

How Memorial Day Services Were Inaugurated in Daysville.

(Written for This Paper.)

FOLD MOSLEY had not been so put to the tie, he would have been funny; and if he had not been so funny, he would have been pathetic, but take him altogether, it was hard to tell just how he did impress one.

It was a sad that he had lost a leg; but it

certainly was absurd of him to wear his trousers conspicuously rolled up high enough to show an expanse of dingy white sock on one leg and on the other an equal extent of the very pink and highly-varnished wooden limb, which Uncle Sam had presented to him to atoms in a slight way for the one he had lost in his country's service.

For Mosley was proud of his natural leg, proud of his wooden leg and proud of his record as a soldier. He had fought bravely and well, and when he had returned from the war with one leg gone and his breast covered with scars, he had found his cottage empty and his hearthstone bare; his wife had taken what of their goods she could carry and had gone with another man. Since then he had lived alone with no companion save an occasional stray dog who would come to him and stay for a time, then wander off.

He was one of the characters of the little village of Daysville, a village that notwithstanding the fact that the railroad trains went through it twice a day, was as isolated and far behind the times as any hamlet shut off from communication with the outside world.

There was a "lack of enterprise," Mosley complained, as he whittled away at the rough board fence which surrounded the grounds of the small red depot. Mosley and his cronies were perched upon this fence, as was their

daily custom, "to see the train go through."

The regular train went through, as I have said, twice each day—at four a. m. and at six p. m.—and although these men made no pretense of meeting the morning train, they began to gather shortly after dinner so as to be in time for the six o'clock."

Then they sat like so many blackbirds roosting on a clothesline—six of the laziest, most shiftless men you could find in a day's search. Old Mosley made the seventh; but he had no family and he drew a pension from the government, so he had a better right to get along without work, but the others took such care as their wives provided for them and emulated Mosley's example in loafing and talking politics.

The weather had been unsettled for several days, and although it was the middle of May it had been too raw and cold to be comfortable out of doors. Mosley had been in with the rheumatism for a week, and the little knot of depot loafers had been somewhat broken up, when one morning the sun came out gloriously, and at one p. m. she looked down and saw the old crowd in its accustomed place.

Mosley had been making good use of his time while confined to the house—he had been reading. Whenever Mosley felt himself "coming down" with the rheumatism he would beg or borrow all of the papers and books he could lay his hands on, to keep him company in his temporary seclusion.

And this bright May day he was filled with enthusiasm over a plan which he had made. He had been reading of the plans for observing Memorial day all over the country, and he resolved that Daysville should, for once, be up with the times, and that Memorial day should be celebrated there.

So, as he mounted to his accustomed perch on the fence, after a military salute to his companions, Mosley laid his scheme before them.

Now, Mosley knew full well that in taking his boon companions into his confidence from the first, the most of people would think that he was beginning at the wrong end of the social scale; but he reasoned it in this way: The young minister who preached once each month in the schoolhouse was not alone in the village for three weeks. If he were to be in town, Mos-

ley had received his honorable discharge and had been mustered out.

While he had been ill, he had taken

much interest in the plans for the next memorial services and he had talked it all over with the little teacher.

"I won't be marching with the children this time, God bless 'em!" said he, "for I'll be laying beside my captain, there seems as tho' it won't be so lone some like if the children comes up there sometimes, even if it's only once a year. An', Miss Mason, you an' the preacher is a goin' to be married, I understand."

"Yes, Mr. Mosley."

"Well I didn't have much luck in that line, myself, you know, but—there, there, don't you cry, miss—I'm goin' to be all right now. It has been lonesome livin' here alone all these years an' I am glad you an' him has concluded to march together; an' I hope there'll be some little ones' some day—if you excuse an old man's plain talk, miss—for a baby's soft fingers can smooth out lots o' tangies an' heartaches."

"An', miss, you're goin' to wed the latter part of May, the young parson tells me. Would ye mind lettin' me set the day fer ye, that is if there ain't no day set? It's just an old sick man's notion—but would ye mind if yer weddin' come on the 30th of May?"

With him eyes Miss Mason promised that they would be married on that day, and the old man was content.

And so it came that after the memorial services had been held the little school-teacher and the young minister were married by a visiting clergyman, at the house of a friend; and as the happy couple took "the six o'clock" to go to their new home, six men gravely climbed down from the depot fence and wished them long life and happiness.

It made quite an impressive sight, for Mosley had arranged them at long intervals so that they might make more of a display; and a good many townspeople had joined the ranks of stragglers in the rear.

The exercises did credit to the taste of the minnows, and the whole thing was a decided success. But when the preacher mentioned it and praised the originators from the pulpit, the following Sabbath, old Mosley's triumph was complete, and he was a hero indeed.

The next year Memorial day was observed in Daysville with more imposing ceremonies. The long procession marched to martial music, and there were four graves this time to be covered with flags and flowers, for old Mosley had received his honorable discharge and had been mustered out.

While he had been ill, he had taken

much interest in the plans for the next memorial services and he had talked it all over with the little teacher.

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FAIRY TALES.

Pleasant Memories of the Charming Stories of Childhood.

The charm of fairy tales survives the age for which they are written. Try telling the scientific explanation of certain facts—such as the concealment of the name in stories of the Rumpelstiltskin class; proving this to be a mere survival of the old savage superstition which forbids a wife to utter her husband's name; which indeed hides the true name as part of the self that scarcely could hurt all the same as it could hurt the person by means of the hair, nails, etc.—setting aside, too, the still more reconcile explanations which would lift these stories out of the region of fancy and affiliate them to the grave parentage of sun myths and the like the delight of the mere thing itself is as great as it was when we were children, and more than half believed such things have been if even they were not then. Fairy tales have every requisite to set us to make a good story. Simple in outline, they are vivid in description. Full of adventure, they are neither prolix nor disappointing. They have no wearisome retrospection, no exhausting analysis of character or motives. The tail is as black as night, and have not so much as a glow-worm's amount of light to redeem them. The self is a desolate looking place. The woods and tangles of wild vines made it picturesque enough, but the natural picturesqueness looks neglected and lonely in a graveyard. That is the one place where it is a relief to see neatly cut grass and cultivated flowers and things orderly even to stiffness—for even if it offends the artistic taste, it is comforting to see that some one comes often to the spot.

Mosley stampeded about among the unkempt mounds. There were only three of them the graves of soldiers. The little village had sent many of her sons to the fore—but the most of them lay under southern skies. One grave was marked with a marble headstone; it was that of Mosley's old captain, and the veteran's heart swelled as he thought of the gallant man who had led his men through many a bloody battle.

The next grave which he sought was easily found by its wooden slab, which bore the name of a comrade, but the third was harder to find.

Mosley remembered how they had buried a poor young drummer lad just at dusk one afternoon—way back in the sixties. The grave must be sunken and hollow, but there were so many sunken graves that the old man stumbled from one to the other as he sought some mark to identify the last resting place of the little drummer boy.

He shut his eyes and tried to recall the route which the little procession had taken through the burying ground as they had borne the light coffin on their shoulders. They had come in the gate and turned to the right, he remembered tripping over the root of the big willow—then they had crossed—oh, he knew now—and he crossed to little grave, hollow, but fresh and green and with a carefully tended rose at the head.

"Why, who tends this 'ere, I wonder? His folks moved west years ago. Who? Silvia Wilkins, I'll warrant. She was engaged to him, I recollect now. Blamed if I hadn't a forget that that old maid ever had a beau," said Mosley, drawing his hand across his eyes and sighed.

Having located the three graves, Mosley retraced his steps to the schoolhouse. The afternoon session had just closed and children were trooping down the street while the little teacher lingered to lock the door. Mosley waited until she came down the steps, then with a profound bow he stepped beside her and escorted her to her boarding place, telling his plans as they went.

The following story may not be true. Indeed, it probably is not; but we may say that if it were true, it would teach a lesson as well as excite a smile. We find the story in a New York paper.

When Jay Gould arrived in Boston a few days ago, he was confronted by a youngster with an unusually dirty face, who shouted: "Mornin' paper, only two cents!"

The millionaire bought a paper, and gave the boy a five-cent piece, saying: "Keep the change, and buy a cake of soap to wash your face with."

The newsboy counted out three cents, and dropped them in Mr. Gould's hand.

"Keep your change," said the boy, "and buy a book on politeness."

A Stroke of Luck.

Doodles—Just had a tremendous piece of luck.

Noodles—As how?

Doodles—Why, I met Snyder, and he struck me for two dollars.

Noodles—Well?

Doodles—Why, I hadn't a cent. Say, can you lend me five dollars?

Noodles—No; I'm in the same good luck.—Harper's Bazaar.

Carried Too Far.

It is well to have things appropriate, but a man will not take this view when his wife puts sleeve-shears on his smoking jacket.—Boston Herald.

A GLORIOUS VICTORY.

How a Band of Valorous Young Fighters Rout the Enemy.

The first I heard of it was when Fred came rushing into the house after breakfast. "The enemy!" he cried. "The enemy is upon us!" "Where?" cried the others of us, jumping up. "In the battlefield, of course!" he said and he seized his flag and rushed out again. We all followed as quickly as we could. I put on the helmet, and Max took the drum, and we let Toddy have the bugle. And we ran into the field and found that the enemy had taken up a strong position behind the old cannon. (Ours is a real battlefield, you know, and has been

DRIVING SEA FLOCKS.

Fun with the Fishermen Along the Newfoundland Coast.

The gregarious porpoise, or *Phoca communis*, is one of the most jolly and carefree fishes in the sea. He is hardly ever found alone, but delights to join great roaming parties, and scour the fishing coasts, running into all the coves and bays along the route, and sometimes entering the mouths of tidal rivers, in pursuit of other fishes. But even when a great herd of porpoises is in pursuit of a "school" of capelin, herring, tomcod, scatfish, or other fish, it will stop its march to play.

The gregarious porpoise is known by various names along the coasts of Labrador, Newfoundland, the maritime provinces of Canada and New England. The best known of these names are puffing-pig, herring-hog, sealhog, and roundheads. The porpoise is from four to six feet long, with a thick, round body, and black, shiny, hairless skin. When he is above water for some time, with the hot sun shining upon him, his bare hide glistens with oil, and it pass to leeward of him in a boat you catch his strong, oily smell. Like the whale, he is obliged to rise to the surface regularly to breathe.

The "drive" which is illustrated in this article happened on the coast of Newfoundland. It was a very early and clear day about the middle of June, and most of the fishermen were overhauling their nets and "herring" trains.

A deep drift ran in from the sea, and at the bottom of this drift was a long strand. About a mile and a half out, some fishermen lying on the strand saw a large herd rise and begin to play. They ran down to the "lifts," and made signals to the nearest boats, and these in turn made signals to the boats further away. In the space of ten minutes nine or ten fishing-boats were rowing as fast as they could for the mouth of the drift. As they drew near the boisterous herd they became very silent, for if you frighten the porpoises by making any unusual noise, the whole herd will disappear as suddenly as they came. They have very little fear of a boat if it approaches.</p

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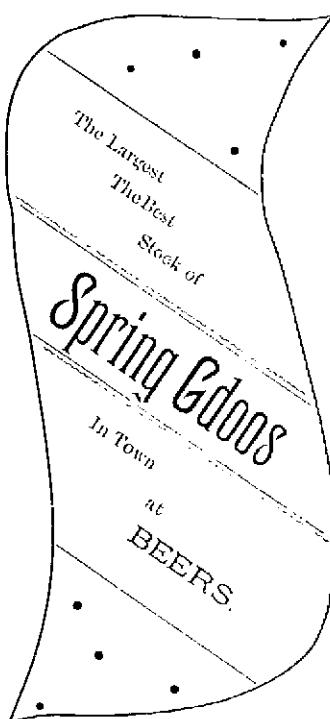
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confidence between us two now or ever again. And your asking me of this, reminds me to inquire what sort of a fellow is James Lawson, who claims to be a companion of your early days?"

"Well," Frank hesitated, for he hated to set the Major against his old playmate by speaking the open truth, "he's not an intensely moral young man, I believe in fact—"

"A bit of a scamp. Ah, I judged as much," and Major Hopkins hurried away to his duties.

Frank thought, the mystery thickens and James Lawson is some how or other mixed up in it; yet, how the deuce could he know anything about it. Surely Charlie Fulton, with all his folly, could never have been so rash as to use this worthless fellow as a go-between; but such a misfortune was quite possible, for Lawson was in Charlie's company, and had all the shrewdness to worm himself into the young officer's confidence, if once the chance were offered him.

Meanwhile, Rev. Abel Green—or Parson Alc, as his rural admirers so lovingly called him—was hustling his old mare along at a very unrelaxed pace and using some very unsatisfactory expression every time the poor beast attempted to slacken its speed, so that in three-quarters of an hour he was nearly six miles from the spot where his dear compatriots from the North were making ready for their descent on the hospitable inhabitants of Winslaley. Turning from the road into the woods at a gap in a fence which seemed familiar to him, he entered along under the trees till he reached a clearing, where a sight presented itself that would have charmed an artist in its picturesque aspect—three hundred dismounted Confederate cavalrymen, reclining here and there in little groups, while their horses were busily cropping the sweet grass, which grew on the bank of a stream. Hardly pausing to give the sentry the countersign, the hardy trooper rode straight to a knot of officers, who hailed him gleefully.

"Hello, Lascelles, what news from the Yanks?"

"Sold them into bondage like his brethren did Joseph!" he laughed, as he sprang from the saddle with the elasticity of youth. "Say, boys, mother was always down on our private interests, but I allow she'd let her hands if she'd only seen me play this plucky role to-day."

A roar of laughter greeted this brilliant sally, which was somewhat checked, however, by the approach of a man older than the rest, whose stern features showed that he did not share the general merriment.

"Such mean tricks as these, Lascelles," he said, in a grave tone of exasperation, "do not meet my approval."

Squire Dixon forthwith rose one hundred per cent. in the Major's estimation, a good opinion, which was fortified by his unaffected expression of pleasure at the presence of Northern troops, and his kindly offers of hospitality.

"I am sorry I kyan't house you all," he said, heartily, "but your officers will find a welcome in my poor home, an' you men can take up their quarters in the village church," a proposition which was gratefully accepted.

All went merry as a marriage-bell. Considering the times, a beautiful supper was done ample justice to by the grateful officers, who did not fail also to appreciate a box of excellent cigars and an abundance of whisky, which, though forced upon them with a generous display of hospitality, they indulged in with moderation. The squire proved himself an admirable host, and won golden opinions from his well-pleased guests. His was a peculiar case, as he explained to him. Sent as a boy to a school in Massachusetts, he had acquired sentiments which were at variance with the opinions of his neighbors, particularly as regards the question of the abolition of slavery, of which he approved and which, of course, had made him a marked man in the community. When the war broke out, though his sympathies had been entirely with the North, he had never dared to declare them, though he was willing now and at all times to sacrifice any thing in reason to his conviction—any thing, in fact, short of beggarizing his family. His family? Oh, yes, he had a wife and three daughters who were now in Cincinnati, thank Heaven beyond the reach of immediate danger.

As the Major said, when they reached their chambers, Mr. Dixon was altogether a most interesting person. Lieutenant Cuthbertson, of Charlie Fulton's company, was on guard duty; the rest of the officers were assigned to a suite of chambers side by side at the back of the mansion overlooking a neglected garden. After a brief chat in the Major's room they retired to rest.

But Hopkins, though he had professed fatigue, was not inclined to follow the example of his subordinates; so instead of throwing his weary limbs on the tempting feather-bed he lit a cigar, put out his lamp, and drew a chair up to his chamber window. It was a brilliant moonlight night, almost like day in its semi-tropical clearness, and the Major, who was a man of sentiment, looked with unfeigned pleasure on the pretty scene which met his gaze. In front of him lay the garden and orchard, and beyond, a rugged country road winding up the side of a hill covered with scrub, but whose tops were crowned with lofty forest trees, sharply defined in the white moonlight.

The young man was abashed.

"Besides," the senior continued, "do you think your action quite in accordance with the high repute for chivalry this corps has ever enjoyed? However, as the folly has been perpetrated let me hear the result of your escapade."

The young man told his story, but somehow or other all the fun seemed to be frozen out of the adventure by his superior's austere criticism.

"Well, you have done one good thing for us at any rate. You have drawn the enemy from the woods into the open, and we can bag them by a night attack on Winstanley as easily as catching rabbits in a net."

As he strode away, one of the officers slapped Lascelles on the shoulder, as he gayly cried:

"Don't grizzle, old man. Nat Hawes never had more appreciation of a practical joke in his nature than there is blood in a Norfolk oyster. In my opinion you have done a very plucky, commendable thing, and there are brighter eyes than old Nat's who will give approval when the story's told at Nashville."

CHAPTER XII.
A NIGHT ATTACK.

"Winstanley is not much of a place," Frank Besant said, as they marched the second afternoon up the one dusty street that constituted the main portion of the miserable village, whose

crosses his mind like an electric shock. Surely Dixon had told him an hour ago that he was so weary he could scarcely keep his eyes open and would be in bed in a few minutes; then what did this midnight ramble mean? Snatching his field-glass from its case, he fixed his eyes on an open bit of road he knew the midnight prowler would shortly reach.

Yes, there he was. A long, shrill whistle like the call of a bird, and a mounted man in Confederate uniform rode up to him. They talked together earnestly and negligently—negligently because they thought themselves too far away for observation, but they were reckoning without the Major's powerful binoculars. Then the trooper turned back up the hill and Dixon accompanied him. To snatch his cap and pistols and spring from the window was but the work of a minute to one whose active, wholesome life made his five-and-forty years as light a burden as many a man's of half his age. The drop to the ground shook him but, he was not hurt, and without stopping to give word of warning to any one, he started up the hill. Now he could understand why Dixon had persuaded him to post his sentries on the north, why this important road was without patrol or picket.

The best part of an hour elapsed. "Wake up, boys, quickly and quietly as you can. Make no noise whatever our lives depend upon your silence."

It was the Major's voice.

In five minutes his officers were in his room.

"You see that hill yonder, my lads," he said, grimly pointing to the clustering pines. "Well, just beyond those pretty trees in a little valley lies half a regiment of Confederate cavalry, who are about to do us the honor of an early morning call. What do you say to our getting up a little surprise party and anticipating them in their polite attention? You think it best, of course—then order your men under arms without an instant's loss—get them out of the church if you can without a sound—and meet me at the bend of the road yonder."

Ah, little do Colonel Hawes and his merry men, stretched at their ease on the green sward, snatching a few hours of precious sleep before they shall cap the climax of Jack Lascelles' superb mimicry by peeling the lives out of those poor devils of defenseless Yankees, know that two hundred gleaming muskets, held by the hands of resolute men, were pointed on their prostrate forms from every tree around them. Little did they think that even now their careless pickets lay stunned, or gagged and bound at their neglected posts.

Did they start in their sleep and think it was a dream, as the hoarse command rang out:

"Make ready! Fire! Fix bayonets—Charge!" and two deadly volleys wailed the woodland echoes. With wild hurrah the Fighting Fourth were on them. There is no time to even shout surprise; the only sounds, the scuffling of men and tramp of steeds, as a score or two of troopers, fighting like wild-cats, manage to cut their horses loose and flee to the valley below. It was a grand, glorious little victory—fifty of the enemy killed and wounded, over forty prisoners taken, and nearly two hundred horses, with their equipments and accoutrements, captured, to say nothing of several stands of small arms and two baggage wagons filled with ammunition and supplies.

But there was one enemy the gallant Major missed and him he sought for with eager, vengeful haste—all, there he goes stretching his long legs like a crane in awkward flight, and making with maddened luste for a neighboring copse.

"After him, boys!" the Major cried, pointing with his sword to the luckless fugitive. "I'll give fifty dollars to the man that brings him back to me alive—alive, remember, for I want to hang him!"

Who would ever have thought the gentle Major could have made as blood-thirsty a declaration—not Frank Besant, who gazed in inquiring wonder on his flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. But the Major's soul was ringing against the hapless wretch's sustained duplicity and, when he said he intended to hang the scoundrel, he surely meant it.

Poor Squire Dixon was indeed a pitiful sight as he was dragged by two rough soldiers into the irate Major's presence.

"Fling a rope over the limb of that tree and the him up!" was the stern command.

At first the poor wretch's tongue refused to utter abject prayers for pardon, but when in an agony of terror he saw them making the fatal preparations a torrent of wild supplications burst from his lips.

But the Major's face never relaxed a muscle.

"String him up, boys!"

Already the men's hands were forcing his neck into the noose, when another appeal from the doomed man was more effective.

"I will give the lives of six Union soldiers for my own—six strong, young men in the vigor of youth for this old, worn-out life of infamy!" he cried, with despairing energy.

"What do you mean? Speak quickly, scoundrel, or it will be too late!"

"There are six Union prisoners hidden where you can never find them if I die with the secret on my lips, and where, if you slaughter me, they will perish with hunger and thirst; for I alone have fed them, and there will be one to do it if you murder me."

"If he speaks the truth there is some sense in that," the Major said, reflectively.

"It is God's own truth," the man moaned. "If you will give your word to let me go free and unarmed I will make a clean breast of it and tell you where they are. Six young lives for one old one—think of it!"

"Yes, and such a worthless one as that you offer!" Major Hopkins said, dryly.

"Well, prove your word, and

(to be continued.)

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Mrs. Samuel Drought, of Loyd, meets with a sad fate.

A horrible accident occurred near Loyd which resulted in the death of Mrs. Samuel Drought. Mr. Drought and his men were engaged in hunting deer, and Mrs. Drought went to call them to dinner. On her way back she passed the burning piles, and as one of them was low she stepped and stirred it up. Her dress caught fire and her servants attracted the attention of Jack Lawrence, the hired man, who was some 80 rods distant. Before he could reach her and divest her of her clothing she was so terribly burned that she died in a few hours. Lawrence suffered seven injuries to his hands, which will probably cripple him for life.

United Workmen.

The grand lodge of United Workmen in annual session at Milwaukee elected officers:

Past grand master workman, H. H. Zahn, of Milwaukee; grand master carpenter, T. K. Dunn; pilot gunner, grand master mason, J. M. Thompson; grand overseer, H. C. Heath, of Columbus; grand recorder, H. G. Hendry, of La Crosse; grand receiver, J. P. Masterson, of Appleton; grand watchman, C. H. Geckin, of Eau Claire; state medical examiner, Dr. D. C. Hegge, of Superior; grand trustee (three years), Dr. E. Steyer, of Prairie du Chien; representatives to the supreme lodge, H. H. Zahn, of Milwaukee; H. J. Pfotz, of Menomonie; G. D. Timmings, of Bloomer.

A Veteran Murdered.

Henry Aufluss, an inmate of the soldiers' home at Milwaukee, was found in Honey creek, about 4 miles from the home. Several deep gashes were found on his head, and his hands and feet were tied with a stout rope. There was no doubt that he was murdered and then thrown into the creek. He was a member of Company K, Twenty-eighth Ohio, and about 55 years of age. Aufluss had money with him when he left the home, but it was missing from the body.

Mad Court Commissioner.

Mrs. Kate Pier, of Milwaukee, has been appointed court commissioner by Judge Johnson under the new law passed by the recent legislature entitling women who are members of the

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FIRST NATIONAL

<

ANDY'S WIDDA.



It ains't his grave up good,
Cathy 'n' me at least she does.
Poor Andy! When he fell I stood
Right by him—so as if it was all
Me! I am so lonesome there, I broke
his fall.
With a quick evan' but—that was all—
He left his wife a widow.
"N' that wuz what he
broadened too!
From first to last!
He used to say: "Ole' y'or's all
right. Eli was you.
I wouldn't eat much either way;
But when you know you got to leave
One behind to feel in private.
"N' live a lonely widow!"

He had her picture—just a girl.
A pleasant young thing—well enough;
By the Lord, she'd have been the pearl:
The last, deepest kind of pearl!
He used to look in 'em like this.
"N' say: "Old boy, she ain't the style
Now, is she, for a widow?"

"N' my! I got that picture yet;
I kee' it tucked in my safe.
When I feeded him, he always 'd met
His follies in her. Then to break
The news, 'n' mighty hard to do;
Sooth I'd bring poor Andy, too.
Home to his little widow."

Used work. I tell you boys, that's so!
We're such a bunch of cowards here to begin?
He'd got a plan you didn't think!
But—well, she carried him off by 'm.
"N' then I had to tell about
Jes' how the whole blame scuffle come out
To that inquiring widow."

"N' so some Decoration day
I left his grave up late,
Or 'n' the dead, I had to stay
Most of the time in marshy blue—
A little late, sahlin' there.
Us veterans go to do our share
For every soldier's widow.

But Andy, poor old boy! His grave—
He tend to it over, standin' there;
"N' them, of course, she has to have
Her little quiet ere, there—
With jes' becuz twix you 'n' me
It's on' natural—for you, you 'n'
I married Andy's widow."

"N' so it's high country!
When Dungeness my enemies round
With the Arrows of the South,
Old men old enough and around,
It's really comfortin' to think
Poor Andy's health's so well, to think
His wife *did* left a wish."
—Madeline S. Bridges, Indiana.

ON SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

A Pathetic Story of Two Kind Little Girl Decorators.

"AKE me back to mother," said the pale lips of a bronzed young face, as it gazed back seemingly from one to another of the bystanders. "Take me back to old Tennessee, and the entireity in face and form moved the people about him in strangely mingled though he was their enemy.

A torrid afternoon in July of 1863 was dragging slowly along toward night. The little Indiana town, that for many days had been disquieted by martial sights and sounds, was deserted by nearly all the male population. Morgan, the raider, had whirled through it four days previously, after scattering the bands of citizens and militia who had gathered to oppose him. The next day Hobson had followed him, and was joined in his pursuit by the retrained home guards. Several of Morgan's wounded who were too severely injured to take along had been left in the care of the ladies of the place, who had hastily changed a church into a hospital for them.

The nurses were now gathered around this boy's couch, awaiting the arrival of the death angel. He was delirious, but his poor honest heart could prompt one thought that seemed somewhat coherent: the thought that many a brave lad, southerner and northerner, voiced with his latest strength, "Take me home."

Little Lila Reynolds stood in the group surrounding the dying confederate. Her tears were falling fast, while the ladies were trying to hide their emotion. These matronly women felt ashamed to weep over the death of a foe, when only a few days before they had assisted in every way they could to bring about that death. Lila's little sympathetic heart could feel only how horribly wrong it was for this beautiful boy to die so far away from home.

The war closed, thank God. The soldiers of both armies returned home, and purple pinioned peace spread her beauteous and benign wings over the land. The noble hearts of both sections set steadily to work to heal the wounds of war. Among these peace makers were Col. Wallace of Tennessee, and Judge Reynolds of Indiana.

The judge had been deterred by official duties from visiting the south, and removing his son's remains until the summer of 1865. He started about the first of July, accompanied by Lila, upon this sad errand. He arrived in the middle of an oppressively hot afternoon. Lila insisted upon proceeding immediately to the grave, getting directions from the hotel keeper, they passed down the shady streets and out to the cemetery. Entering the inclosure, they saw a little girl about Lila's age arise from a grave, from which she had been pulling the weeds. Lila whispered:

"Opa, that little girl looks like my rebel."

As Cora gazed at them she thought: "How much like my Yankee that little girl looks!"

"My child, can you show me the grave of a northern soldier named Harry Reynolds?"

"Yes, sir, this is it," was the low sweet reply.

The strong man and the little girl met reverently by the grassy mound. Cora drew back a few paces, and viewed the scene. She understood the case, and was in thorough sympathy with it. After the judge could control his emotion, he asked:

"Who has cared so tenderly for my boy's grave?"

"I, sir," again came Cora's low sweet voice.

"And what is your name, my child?" he asked, arising, and taking her hands in his.

"Cora Wallace, sir."

Her Lila eagerly inquired:

"Did you have a brother Charley in the Morgan raid through Indiana?"

"Yes, I have been keeping his grave."

As long as there was so much as a chrysanthemum in bloom Lila placed fresh flowers upon that lonely Smith's grave. She saved her pocket money and had a cedar plank painted

white. Then she had the painter to place upon it the inscription:

CHARLES WALLACE,
A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER
WHO
WANTED TO GO HOME.
WISH I COULD TAKE HIM.
LILA REYNOLDS.

The next spring Lila sold the grave, planted a rose bush near its head, and cared for the little mound as tenderly as her own bit of flower garden at home.

The summer of 1864 brought the sad intelligence to Judge Reynolds that his son, a soldier in the federal army, had fallen in an affray with guerrillas near Memphis. Harry Reynolds' captain wrote to the judge that Harry had been buried in a village cemetery a dozen miles from Memphis, and a cedar plank, upon which his name was carved, had been placed at his head.

Lila passed through a tempest of grief over the death of her brother, and then said:

"Maybe some little Tennessee girl that hates this wicked war like I do, will take care of brother's grave; so I'll keep poor Charley Wallace's grave nice, anyhow."

The tide of war flowed here and there throughout the south. As a rule, the women of the south were engaged in the sterner duties of life occasioned by the absence of so many of the male population. The terrible reality of war was ever near, and they, in many cases, became inured to the bloody scenes of those times. No sympathy could be wasted upon even their own dead, and of course they had little to spare for the northern troops.

In the town of Barrett, Tenn., where the remains of Harry Reynolds lay, the ladies were especially vindictive against the federal troops. Capt. Leslie had buried Harry in the village graveyard, because he wanted to leave a well-defined clew to his resting place, by which his friend, Judge Reynolds, might find the grave of his son. The act was bitterly resented by some of the ladies of the place, and a few even talked of removing the body. One of them said:

"After all we've suffered from the ruthless tramping of northern soldiers over our houses, they place their dead alongside ours." I say, take the Yankee's body up, and put it off to itself."

A little child with dark brown eyes spoke:

"But, mamma, this Yankee can't do one dead any harm. The Yankee captain said his people will come some day and take him away. If he is left where he is, his father can find him easily. Captain Minter wrote from Chicago where he is in prison, that Charles was killed in the Morgan raid through Indiana. Maybe he was buried in some graveyard, and perhaps we will some day find him. I should feel awful if we treat this poor Yankee boy badly, and then find out that my brother's grave had been cared for by northern people."

The ladies gathered at Mrs. Wallace's were touched by these tender words of little Lila Wallace. She saw her advantage, and continued:

"I think you might let me take care of Harry Reynolds' grave. I was standing by when they put him in the coffin. He was an awful pretty man. Not the same kind of pretty that my brother Charley was. His hair was light, but it clung to his forehead in the sweetest ends. Brother was dark, and I used to play with the coal-black hair on his head as it clustered about his temples. We think the northerners were wrong, but I suppose they think we are wrong. Anyway, this poor Yankee soldier and brother Charley cannot do any harm to either side. Let's treat the Yankee right, and maybe some one will treat Charley right."

One of the visitors here said:

"Cora is eight, Mrs. Wallace. We cannot afford to carry our resentment into the graves of our enemies. Let us remember that once we were Christian people, and the day may come when we can again be such; and let us not do too much now, that we may regret after awhile."

Under the mellowing influences of talk like this, Mrs. Wallace softened, and her little daughter asked:

"May I fix up the Yankee's grave ma'am?"

"Yes, dear, do as you wish."

So it transpired that Cora Wallace performed the same sad sweet offices for the grave of Harry Reynolds, that Lila Reynolds had been performing for the grave of Charles Wallace.

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money and had a cedar plank painted

up, in the same way you've done for Harry's."

The two children here flew into each other's arms, and clasped each other in a long embrace of subdued joy, while Judge Reynolds shuddered and swayed with uncontrolled emotion. He and his little daughter were that night the guests of Col. Wallace.

The following day the remains of Harry Reynolds were placed in a casket and started north with Judge Reynolds and Col. Wallace accompanying them. The children sat with arms entwined during most of the journey. Three days later, Col. Wallace, in gray regalia, gave the command "Fire!"

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THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Only the Timbuktu Huster Can Succeed in the Wild West.

IN TOWN—We received a call yesterday from Major Jim Porter, of Deep Cut, who owns the biggest ranch in all Arizona, and

THE GRAVE OF A LITTLE CHILD.
There's a spot on the hill-side far away,
Where beneath a nut-tree grows green;
Where, beneath a nut-tree, an old tree's shade,
A moss-covered stone is seen.
'Tis a quiet and untroubled spot,
A solitude long and wide;
Yet sometimes hope's hopes are buried there—
'Tis the grave of a little child.

In winter, when that mossy stone
Is old with a shroud of snow,
But around it spring-time, fresh and sweet,
The daisies and violets grow;
And o'er it the summer breezes blow
With a fragrance soft and wild,
And the autumn's dead leaves thickly strew
That grave of a little child.
And every year there's a red-breast comes,
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,
'Midst the old tree's branches high;
With her melody sweet by the hour she trills
As if by the songs beguiled;
Perhaps, who knows, 'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, some body's hope is buried there;
Some another is weeping in vain,
For though years may come and years may go
You'll never come back again.
Yes, blessed are those who die in youth,
The pure and innocent;
Some road to Heaven perhaps can through
That grave of a little child.

—Walter Fries, in N. Y. Weekly.

TO CATCH THE UNWARY.

Many Old and New Paradoxes That Are Interesting.

Tests for the Wits of Your Friends—Bright Problems That Are Puzzling You... Easy to Solve—An Old Rule with No Exception.

After the cigar had been lighted at a small dinner party one evening not long ago, the subject of paradoxes was introduced. It was a matter of considerable comment to those present what a large number of propositions, or queries, there are floating about the world in one form or another, which are intended to puzzle the wits of the unwary. Some of them are extremely ancient, having been handed down from the works of the Greek philosophers, and some are of recent origin. All of them form excellent mental exercises; as they sharpen the wits, besides being a recreation to the mind. No claim to originality is made to the examples given here, most of which were brought out at the dinner mentioned, but undoubtedly some readers will find a number of questions which they have never before heard. Who has not at some period of his existence puzzled his brain over this query:

If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?

Many persons have undoubtedly been tempted to answer fifteen pounds, when the correct answer, of course, is twenty pounds, as they discover after giving the problem a little thought. An exceedingly wise man has sometimes been caught by a very simple question of this sort. The following for example: How many days would it take to eat up a piece of cloth fifty yards long, one yard being cut off every day?

Or this:

A small climbing up a post twenty feet high ascends five feet every day and slips down four feet every night. How long will it take the snail to reach the top of the post?

These are simple questions in arithmetic, and yet, how many persons would answer fifty days, instead of forty-nine to the first one, and twenty instead of sixteen to the last one. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to point out that the snail would gain one foot a day for fifteen days, and on the sixteenth day reach the top of the pole, and there, of course, remain.

Here is one of a different sort, but none the less puzzling:

A man walks round a pole, on the top of which is a monkey. As the man moves, the monkey turns round on the top of the pole, so as still to keep face to face with the man. When the man has gone round the pole, has he or has he not, gone round the monkey?

As either answer to this question may be upheld with strong and logical arguments, the reader is left to decide the question for himself.

Whilst at any given moment, is moving forward faster, the top or the couch wheel, or the bottom?

The answer to this question seems simple enough, but probably nine persons out of ten, asked at random, would give the wrong reply. It would appear at first sight that the top and bottom must be moving at the same rate; that is, the speed of the carriage. But by a little thought it will be discovered that the bottom of the wheel is, in fact, by the direction of its motion around its axis, moving backward, in an opposite direction to that which the carriage is advancing, and is consequently stationary in space, while the point on top of the wheel is moving forward with the doubled velocity of its own motion around the axis and the speed at which the carriage moves.

Many persons will recall the famous paradox of Zeno, by which he sought to prove that all motion is impossible.

"A body," he argued, "must move either in a place where it is or in a place where it is not. Now, a body in the place where it is stationary cannot be in motion, nor, obviously, can it be in motion in the place where it is not. Therefore it cannot move at all."

Bodies do move, however, and that is a sufficient answer to the ingenious philosopher. Another paradox which has been inherited from the Greeks—that of Achilles and the tortoise—is familiar.

Achilles (the swift-footed) allows the tortoise a hundred yards start, and runs ten yards while the tortoise runs one. Now, when Achilles has run a hundred yards, the tortoise has run ten yards, and is therefore still that distance ahead. When Achilles has run these ten yards, the tortoise has run one yard. When Achilles has run the one yard, the tortoise has run one-tenth of a yard. And when Achilles has run the one-tenth of a yard the tortoise has run one-hundredth. It is only necessary to continue the same process of reasoning to show that Achilles can never overtake the tortoise.

Of course, it is a fact that Achilles does overtake the tortoise, notwithstanding this apparently logical reasoning to the contrary. The conclusion of that paradox is somewhat different from the running, although in some ways similar to it:

A man owes four cents. He pays two cents one day, one cent the next, one-half cent the next, and so on, one-half cent of the debt. Now, although on the fourth day he only owes one-quarter of a cent, if he should be endowed with the gift of immortality, and he should continue to pay the debt

all of it. There would always remain that half of the former day's payment, providing he had countenanced enough to make the payments.

Here is a puzzle in geometry. It does not require a skilled mathematician, however, to solve it.

It is required to demonstrate (geometrically) that a larger crop of corn can be grown on an acre of level ground than on an acre of sloping ground. The stalks of corn are supposed to grow perpendicularly in both cases, and in other particulars, such as fertility of the soil and the like, to be the same.

The ingenious reader will probably have no trouble in solving the problem without assistance.

Philosophers, according to the latest devices, have not been able to decide what would be the fate of a donkey placed exactly midway between two mireholes. As there is clearly no reason why he should choose one risk rather than the other, it is presumed that, logically, he would starve to death.

The cynic's reply to this proposition may, perhaps, be as good as any that could be found: that is, that the philosopher who wastes time over such a question ought to solve it by actual experience.

Probably every reader has quoted the proverb: "There is an exception to every rule," several hundred thousand times during his or her life and never thought that the proverb contradicted itself. For, clearly, if there is an exception to every rule, there is an exception to this proverb; therefore, there is a rule without an exception.

The familiar query: "If Dick's father is Tom's son, what relation is Dick to Tom?" is easier of solution than the other one closely allied to it, which runs as follows: A man standing before a portrait says of it:

"Sisters and brothers have I none—
But that man's father is my father's son."

What relation is the speaker to the person depicted in the portrait? The answer is often given that the portrait represents the speaker himself, when, as a matter of fact, it represents the speaker's son.

It is seldom, indeed, that the following question is answered correctly off-hand:

A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York and one daily from New York to San Francisco, the journey lasting five days. How many trains will a traveler meet in journeying from New York to San Francisco?

About ninety-nine persons out of one hundred would say five trains, a matter of course. The fact is overlooked that every day during the journey a fresh train is starting from the other end, while there are five trains on the way to begin with. Consequently the traveler will meet not five trains, but ten.

The following proposition is left for the reader to think about:

If there are more people in the world than any one person has hairs upon his head, then there must exist at least two persons who possess identically the same number of hairs, to a hair.

This same proposition may be applied to the faces of human beings in the world. If the number of perceptible differences between two faces is not greater than the total number of the human race, then there must exist at least two persons who are to all appearances exactly alike. When it is considered that there are about 1,500,000,000 persons in the world and that the human countenance does not vary, except within comparatively narrow limits, the truth of the proposition becomes obvious, without applying the logical reasoning of it.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE ORIGIN OF "KELTER."

Derivation and Different Meanings of the Word.

Kelter or kelter was an "Anglicism" long before it was an "Americanism." Skinner in 1671 has "Skelter"; he is not yet in kelter, nondum est patatus." It is also given in a reprint of Bay's Collection of 1693. The k before i points to a Scandinavian origin. Cf. Dan. "kelle," to truss, tuck up, whence Eng. "kilt." Reitz gives Swed. "dial. 'kiltar-band,'" a band for holding up tucked-up clothes ("kiltar-sig"), to gird up, tuck up and fasten. The metaphor is obvious enough.

This word "kelter," as it should be spelled, is given in Johnson's dictionary, and derived from the Danish "kelter," to gush; a quotation is given from Barrow's works where the word is used. Bailey, in his etymological dictionary, derives it from the Latin *calcare*. Halliwell ("Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words") gives it as used in the east of England both as a substantive and as a verb. It is a word of everyday use in Surrey and Sussex, in the sense of order or condition. Rev. W. D. Parish, in his "Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect," notices it in the phrase, "this farm seems in very good 'kelter.'" I have often heard it used in the same way, and anything that is out of condition is described as being out of "kelter." On reference to the publication of the "English Dialect Society," it will be seen that the word is of very general use throughout England. In the neighborhood of Whitby it occurs as a *substantive*, and in the *verb*. In the *verb*, East Yorkshire glossaries also it is used also in West Cornwall, Hampshire and the Isle of Wight. In West Somerset, in Sheffield and in Huddersfield the word means money.

These references will be sufficient to show that the expression is not an Americanism, but that the word has found and still finds a place in vernacular English.—Chicago News.

They Don't Mean It.

"There is a vast amount of sham about the way people run to and fro along the streets," said a tongue-twister. "To watch the crowds as they hurry gives me a sort of vertigo. It seems that everyone is full of business bent upon something that must be done forthwith. It was that way in Park Row the other day just in front of the bridge entrance. But a car overturned and the horse fell down. Instantly all the hurry ceased and people blacked the streets. Some who had been dashing up the elevated stairs in a breathless way stopped, leaned over the railing and finally came down to get a better view. Many who had been almost sprinting hung around for half an hour until the car was righted and driven away. It was sham, bustle and hurry. It's a contagious disease that people get, and each ends by trying to outstrip the others."—N. Y. Sun.

Dr. Pilpowder—"Swallow one of these pills three times every day." Pilpowder—"And sure will pill, doctor? I've not studied as he ought, he could not do that; and he was copying his hard words out of the book, which he held under the desk.

Every Friday they had to write down all the words they could remember out of the week's lesson; just spell them right out of their own heads.

Of course, since Willie Simpson had not studied as he ought, he could not do that; and he was copying his hard words out of the book, which he held under the desk.

A schoolmaster can see a great deal

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

MY NEW DAY.

To-day has come; and I
In this new day will try
To do with earnest mind
Whatever work I find.

In all my work and play
I'll try my best to-day
In gentleness to speak,
For others' joy to seek.

And all the whole day long
I'll try with power strong
To keep my spirit true,
And deeds of love to do.

—Emilia Poullison, in Our Little Men and Women.

THE WARP AND WOOF.

Many Curious Things That an Observing Boy or Girl Would Find Interesting.

In one of the halls of the National Museum of Washington is an exhibit which shows the process of weaving from the bunch of rushes, reeds, or of raw cotton or silk to the beautifully-colored and finely-woven goods that we know; from the silk thread just from the cocoon to the piece of dress-silk that is a picture in the blending of its colors. We can see here step by step the making of baskets, hats, trays and matting, both by Indian and Mexican, from the rough root or grass to that delicate of every little girl. The perfectly-finished basket, so fine and dainty that it seems to be made by the fairies. The matting rival the silks in the fineness and smoothness of texture. The observing girl or boy will be able to detect the state of civilization, of intelligence, that any tribe or people have reached by the specimens of their work found here.

There are bags woven in colored designs by some of the Arizona Indians that are marvelous when we remember the work is all done by hand, from the picking of the grasses to the finished bag, and that the tools are of the rudest kind, and that the dyes used were without any knowledge of chemistry. It is interesting to trace the resemblances between the implements of war of some of our Indian tribes and the war implements of the Japanese. There are specimens here of the shields carried by warriors that are woven of reeds; they are symmetrical, and exceedingly strong, and meet the requirements of their use; they offer resistance to the weapons turned against them, but would have no power against the weapons of modern warfare of civilized peoples.

It is a sudden jump from the rude implements of warfare to the making of beautiful bags by the peasant women of Europe, and yet we are still in the realm of textiles. We can see the pattern on the piece of black paper laid over several pieces of cotton cloth traced out by the first threads, the spider's web so fine that they seem like a spider's web. We can trace every step in the making of that beautiful robe, which binds and leaves so perfect that it seems almost like a skeletonized flower. It is finished to applique on a piece of net on its way to form a center of a lady's bonnet or a baby's cap. Faces from France, Italy, Belgium, are here—borderers for handkerchiefs, lace for fans, collar insertions, edgings, flourishes, all showing the wonderful skill and patience of these people who have ministered all unconsciously to the beauty of life. It seems a pity that the art of lace-making has died in many countries. This is due to many causes. Hand-made lace could be owned only by the wealthy, age added to its value, and old lace was worth more than new. The first cost was so great—that lace-makers have always received the lowest prices for their labor—that lace never was a profitable investment. It was perishable, and even subjected to the changes of fashion, so that it did not have a permanent or a gradually advancing change of value; machinery was invented that could produce an almost perfect imitation of the real lace, and at last machinery made such beautiful lace that its products were sold under their own name, and had a standard value. All these causes have been slowly making the hand-lace industry an industry of the past. At different times governments and individuals have endeavored to make certain kinds of lace fashionable in order to revive the industry and help the makers in certain districts, but no permanent success has ever followed these efforts, because they were forced and unnatural.

The colorings of the textiles of the most primitive people shows a fine sense of color, and when we compare the later bold contrasts of color, the crudeness in combinations, we realize that when people turn away from nature to art for instruction, and see color and form only through the eyes of others, they lose all true conception of color.

When we pass from ease to ease in this above, and see what the uncivilized people knew how to make to meet, not only the needs of their lives, but to gratify a sense of beauty, a new respect comes for the knowledge, the art, the industry of the people who lived here before we did, and from whom we have taken all that meant freedom, and to whom we make no return.

Nature was their stockhouse of raw materials, and a few crude tools, made by themselves, their machinery; and yet the result of their work is beyond our skill of eye and hand, without years of training.—Christian Union.

AN UNLEARNED LESSON.

How a Naughty Boy Escaped a Deserved Punishment by Telling the Truth.

It was not often that Mr. Mortimer got angry; now he looked sorry and angry both, though the "sorry" was bigger than the "angry." He held his hands behind his back, too, as if he did not mean to strike if he could help it.

Willie Simpson looked defiant and wicked at this moment, though he had not a bad face usually.

As for Jimmy Lusk and Tom Spooner, the two boys who sat near and saw it all, they looked as if they could cry, as only they were boys they would not do such a thing.

This was how it happened: Willie Simpson ought to have studied his spelling lesson and learned all the long words, but, instead, he had spent the study hour in making funny pictures on his slate. This was in the old times when they used spelling books, and said "ba-be, ba-be, ba-be," instead of looking at the word and saying "ba-be" all at once.

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Every Friday they had to write down all the words they could remember out of the week's lesson; just spell them right out of their own heads.

Of course, since Willie Simpson had not studied as he ought, he could not do that; and he was copying his hard words out of the book, which he held under the desk.

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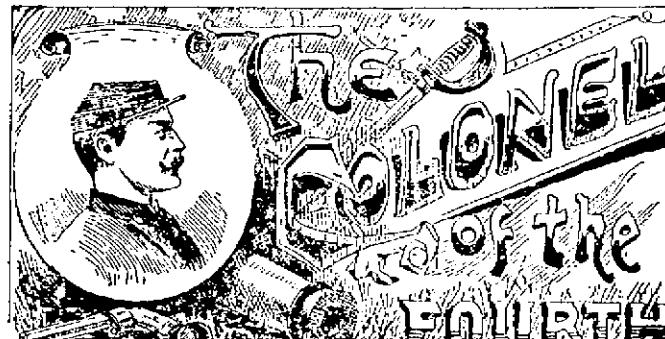
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I will accept the terms, even though I cheat the devil in giving you your life.

"And you will let no one injure me."

"No one; but be quick about it or I may change my mind. Where are these men?"

"In a cellar under my own house."

"I might have thought of that," the Major said, annoyed to think that this miserable wretch was to escape his righteous punishment.

So Mr. Dixon was marched back to his own house, with the rope still around his neck and his hands tied behind his back, together with the horses and spoils of war, and the many wounded men who, though most of them enemies, were treated with a wonderful tenderness by the rough soldiers.

It was even as Dixon had said. The men—one officer and five privates of an Iowa regiment—were found, gagged and bound with cords drawn so tightly that their flesh was cut as with a knife. "We had to keep them quiet or you would have heard them," Dixon said, reading the stern inquiry of the Major's looks.

"Unloose his bonds and let him go before I break my word and brain him where he stands!" Hopkins cried, unable to control his indignation.

Nor was the Major alone in his wrath, for it was with the utmost difficulty that the officers were able to restrain their men while the trembling wretch shrank from their sight.

When the rescued prisoners, whose tongues had been so cruelly tied by whip-cord, were able to speak, they were of course asked a hundred questions, and among them this:

"Do you know where Bragg is?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply; "he is off northwards with all the speed he can to Louisville."

"And Buell knows it not?" Major Hopkins declared, aghast at the significant importance of the news.

So, leaving the enemy's wounded to the tender mercies of the citizens of Winstazley, and despatching their own in a baggage wagon with a small escort, they mounted their newly-acquired steeds and hurried as fast as they could back to Buell's army.

"No wonder Southern gentlemen call such as our Winstazley friends 'white trash,'" the Major mused. "I have often felt surprise at the epithet, but now I think it suits them down to the ground."

CHAPTER XIII.

ALL FOR A WOMAN.

Human interest is always stirred to fever heat by a race, whether the competing objects be men in the arena, horses on the course or yachts or ocean steamers flying over the foaming waves, but here was a sight that made the dullard pulse heat fast—two armies rushing across a State, as big as a European country, in anxious haste to reach a spot that may be a key to pronounced victory. Bragg and Buell with their thousands were the participants in this stupendous struggle, with all the odds of an early start in favor of the former, but the Union General reached the goal first, and so foiled one of the finest efforts of his astute antagonist, whose record during his brilliant career was second only to Lee's among the Southern commanders as an expert tactician.

But though forestalled in his intentions, the Confederate leader seized the opportunities left to him, with consummate skill, flooding the State with appeals to loyalty to his cause, inspiring them by the presence and boasted successes of his troops to join his standard, and making almost superhuman efforts to win the Kentuckians to a declaration of secession. He went further than Lee had ventured to do in Maryland, daring even to create a provisional Governor and carry into effect a stringent conscription law. "Come into the folds of your brotherhood," was his passionate appeal by proclamation. "Cheer us with the smiles of your women, and lend your willing hands to secure the heritage of liberty!"

And even when all this failed he won success from defeat by turning his demand for men into one for supplies, ravaging the rich lands of the northern part of the State with its fertile valleys and green pastures, until he had a wagon-train of supplies forty miles long—clothing, boots, arms, two hundred loads of bacon, six thousand barrels of pork, two thousand horses and eight thousand beefeves, and all this vast array of booty he dispatched in safety southward. Then, when this valuable feat was accomplished, he suddenly began a retrograde movement with Buell, whose delay had fretted the gallant trooper he led almost beyond endurance, in tardy pursuit. Day by day the Union forces followed the retreating host, when on the 9th of October, as they reached the village of Perryville, Bragg turned upon them with sudden fury, and fighting from noon till eve, so crippled his pursuers that when darkness came on he was allowed unmolested to escape with all his plunder to Chattanooga.

In judging General Buell's actions during this campaign, it is but fair to remember that many of his failures were due to unavoidable misfortune and false information, and that he was pitted against a leader of exceptional high qualities; but popular opinion did not stop to weigh these considerations, so on the last day of the same month he met the fate so often accorded to the unsuccessful General, deprivation of command. Thomas had refused to replace him, so Rosecrans, whose brilliant career in West Virginia had already become a matter of history, was appointed to this important command, and under these new auspices the Fighting Fourth



not too late even now to save you from the consequences of your rashness.

Hasten to your horse and away as fast as you can ride. Treachery is all around you. I, even I, have dug the pitfall for you. Fly, if you would save yourself from harm and me from madness; for your grand devotion has touched my heart and I could almost love you."

"Almost! I thought..."

"Hush!"

But the warning came too late; a dozen stalwart forms, springing from the shadows of the trees, surround the young man, who, stunned by the girl's revelation, yields without a blow for freedom.

"Another captive to your fascinations, Miss Lascelles," the officer in charge of the party says, with more mockery than sincerity. "Your *beaux yeux* are more effective than our rifle-bullets."

"And just as cruel!" she muttered, bitterly, as she watched them lead her victim to the house. "Fool that I am, if after all, I were him and not the other, one I love!"

Once more Charlie is on the road, with his horse's head turned not to Nashville but to Murfreesboro, and not alone now, but with a gay company of jolly fellows, who, though they guard him well, treat him with a consideration that well treat him of its sting, if he were not so dazed with the discovery



that he had been captured.

He had always been very fond of golf.

So he started in business for himself.

He had a dozen clerks in his tiny goods store.

And his sales numbered twenty more.

Cashiers and door-walkers stood all around.

To wait for the customers shopping round.

So they paraded their mops and rubbed their hands.

And they listened in awe to their chief's commands.

And as he was a sharp bargainer.

He secured a store in a leading street.

And he fitted it out with great completeness.

He had a very large stock of merchandise.

But though he hadn't need to advertise.

He had a dozen clerks in his tiny goods store.

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Ricardo Knob, Com., J. DILLIGAN, Adj't.

O. O. P.
ONEIDA LODGE, No. 48, Regular meeting at
half every Monday evening.
F. M. McWherter, Sec., G. Eby, N. G.

D. F. R.
LAURENTINA LODGE, No. 28, meets every
first and third Thursday of each month
in the old Bell's Inn on State Street.
B. J. Pluck, sec., Mrs. O. Wissler, N. G.

F. & A. M.
RHINELANDER LODGE, No. 242, meets first
and third Tuesdays in every month in the
post office block.
A. McPherson, Sec., H. C. Keith, W. M.

L. O. G.
Dolton Knights Lodge, No. 211. Meets every
Friday evening at half over Palace Shoe
Shop. Visiting members are cordially invited.
Nellie Chace, R. E. Chris, Woodcock, C. T.

K. O. P.
Rhinelander Lodge No. 53. Holds regular meet-
ing Friday nights in open house block.
E. G. Squire, R. of R. S., L. B. Morley, C. C.
Californian Bank meets every Wednesday night.
B. Jenkins, Rec., E. B. Morley, Capt.

S. O. V.
W. T. Miles' Camp, No. 35, Wisconsin Division
R. of V. U. S. A. Meets at G. A. R. hall
on the first and third Thursday evenings of each
month. Visiting brothers are cordially invited.
C. C. Brownson, Capt.

C. K. OF W.
Catholic Knights of Wisconsin. Meeting last
Sunday each month at 1 p. m. at Good
Templars' Hall.
Rev. N. July, Rec. Sec., J. N. Kemmer, Treasurer.

PROFESSIONAL.

MILLEK & McCORMICK,
Attorneys-at-Law,

Collections sharply looked after.
Office over First National Bank.

ALBAN & BARNES,
Attorneys-at-Law,

RHINELANDER, WIS.
Collections promptly attended to.
Town and county orders bought.

A. W. SHELTON,
Attorney-at-Law,
RHINELANDER, WIS.

J. BILLINGS,
Attorney & Counselor
RHINELANDER, WIS.

T. B. MCINDOE,
Physician & Surgeon
RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. A. Hildebrand has the finest line
of furniture ever shown in the city.
Those who desire to purchase furniture
of late style and at reasonable prices
need not go to the city for it.

The drives above are moving down
stream bed or than for several days.
Below here the water is very low—
just about enough to keep the dust
laid in the bed of the river.

All cars which leave Rhinelander
are now weighed by a representative
of the Western Weighing Association.
Both the Lake Shore and Soo lines
are members, and the official weighers
figures "go" from this on.

Prof. Williams circus drew two big
audiences here last Saturday. The
show is much larger and better than
last year. Some of the horses—and
there are many—are finely trained
and give the best part of the performance.

A. Toussaint has fitted up the Pa-
cific House, at considerable expense,
and will lease it to any responsible
party. Anyone wishing a good hotel
stand with an established business can
secure it by applying to A. Toussaint.

A fishing party went out after trout
one day last week, and returned with
pretty fair success. Among them was
John Lawson. He shied the fly at
them in the style of the St. Lawrence
river, but the trout wouldn't have it,
and John is now trying to learn how
they do it in the states.

Olson & Mickelson started up their
mill Tuesday noon, after a long delay
on account of their new burner's being
unfinished. They will cut out two
million of their own before beginning
on the big lot of Hunter & Conners logs.
The mill has had considerable over-
hauling during the winter and it is
expected to do a big season's work.
Nearly all the old crew have been hired
again this season.

Some merchants say trade is dull.
We have all we can do and have been
compelled to engage another man.
The reason is simply this: We have
the largest stock in the Northwest, and
our prices this spring are very low.
All the new styles and spring shades
are now in. Come and look them

CAPITAL \$50000.
RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.
General Banking Business Transacted.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Sell exchange on all European countries.
Tickets to and from Europe or
all steam boat lines.

FIRST NATIONAL
Bank of Rhinelander

Rhinelander, WISCONSIN.

Merchants' State Bank.

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NEW NORTH.

Epitome of the Week.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

In twenty years there has been no counterfeiting of Uncle Sam's postage stamps.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIV is due in New York July 4, returning from his second trip around the world.

ROBERT SHAW, of Brooklyn, N. Y., owns the old gun with which Israel Putnam shot the wolf.

HON. HORACE CLINTON, successor to Senator Reagan, resigned, will be the first native Texan to sit in the United States senate.

The post office department at Washington is receiving favorable reports from the experimental delivery service established in small towns.

A MAN in Arkansas has, after two years of litigation, been acquitted of the charge of killing his neighbor's pig. It has cost the state \$200,000 and the accused \$6,000 and the time of over 100 witnesses. The pig was valued at \$3.50.

A girl in Kentucky has recovered five hundred dollars damages from a steamboat company for naming a boat after her without asking her permission, and they must rename the boat. She took offense at the marine item stating that "Kitty Marshall took the lower chutes and ran her nose into a plantation."

This is the latest opinion promulgated by Col. Ingerson. "There will never be a really great civilization until women enjoy the same rights as do the men. The highest ambition of any man is to win the love of some noble girl, and the highest ambition of any good girl must be to win the love of some good man."

The average construction of railroads in the United States during the last twenty years is said to have been 5,700 miles annually, so that the construction last year of 6,000 miles was slightly above the average, indicating a healthy, not a speculative, growth. This country now has 158,000 miles of railroad, which give employment to 400,000 men.

The New York Tribune says that the forest fires raging in different parts of the country carry a stern warning of what may happen if we continue to neglect measures for their prevention. The destruction is enormous. In the census year of 1880 more than 10,000,000 acres were burned over in the United States and over \$5,000,000 worth of property was consumed. With proper precautions nearly all this might have been saved.

One of the beautiful souvenirs the president and Mrs. Harrison brought home from California was their invitation to the banquet of the Union League club of San Francisco. It is engraved on a gold plate, four and three-quarters inches wide, seven and one-quarter long and one-eighth of an inch thick. The plate bears the seal of the state and the American flag treated in colored enamel. The plate is in a handsome case.

WEST AND SOUTH.

THE heat that bore the body of John Wilkes Booth away from Washington, down the Potomac, has been sold for \$15,000, and will be converted into a Philadelphia coal barge. "The heat is the monitor Sausage, and she has him for seventeen years at the Washington navy yard. She bears several huge dents imprinted in her starboard sides through the force of canon-balls. Her turret also shows several huge dents, as well as the pilot house."

PHAR. JOSEPH LEIDY, of Philadelphia, and his brother Dr. Philip Leidy, bequeathed their brains to the Anthropometric society, of which the professor was a founder. "The brains of the two brothers," a Philadelphia newspaper tells us, "were of the same weight to a fraction of a grain. Both were noticeably below the normal size, confirming the deduction of anatomists that quality of tissues rather than quantity distinguishes the valuable brain from the ignominious."

THE young emperor of Germany now has no less than three thrones. One is the old-fashioned affair of the days of the king of Prussia; another was the mission for the occasion of the Princess Victoria's wedding, and now he has a third to be used only when his majesty appears as supreme head of the United German empire. This last one is erected in the White hall of the German seashore, and its canopy is of yellow silk and gold brocade, into which the imperial eagle is beautifully woven. It is not stated which of the three has the softest seat.

THE net profits for the last five years of the principal firm engaged in manufacturing chewing gum are said to be \$637,750.00. These figures do not exactly speak for themselves, but they are uncommonly suggestive. Think of the number of human jaws that the stuff which produces this large sum has set in profligate motion, oftentimes, too, to the annoyance of unwilling witnesses. The chewing-gum habit is far from being a scurvy of the fittest. Some physicians claim a therapeutic value for chewing gum, but, like the application of a blister, its use ought to be entirely private.

THE disembodied spirit does not always appear in darkness and through a medium. The account comes that in a photograph taken of an old homestead at Webster, Mass., recently appeared something not provided for by the photographer. When the negative was developed there was revealed the face of an aged woman looking out of a window. There was no explanation of this startling appearance, but the face was recognized as that of the mother of the owner of the house, dead for some time. The window from which the face appears looking was one by which the old lady sat a great deal when alive.

A DENTIST of Moscow is reported to have discovered a method of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. Dr. Zimansky has performed several successful operations on dogs as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal. Holes are made at the root of the false tooth and also upward into the jaws. The tooth is then placed into the cavity. In a short time a soft, granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth; this growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position.

THE LAW HOLDS GOOD.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The United States supreme court today decided that the original package law passed by the last congress was valid and constitutional, and that it went into effect in all states where prohibitory laws prevailed without re-enactment by the states of the laws by which they forbade the sale of intoxicating liquors within their boundaries, whether imported from other states or not.

AT Vicksburg, Miss., Burrell Parish (deceased), charged with the murder of E. B. Webber in 1880 at Braselton, Ga., was exonerated by the court. The negro was accused of killing his master, and Hiram Sheldon (deceased), who killed Dr. Felix Varnado in 1888, was exonerated at Magnolia, Miss.

AT a fight at Ojo Llo, N. M., three sheepherders were killed.

A man lynched Tennis Hampton (deceased), charged with the murder of E. B. Webber in 1880 at Braselton, Ga.

AT Englewood, N. J., Frank Turke, a shoemaker, murdered his wife and then killed himself. They had only been married two weeks.

IN Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Charlotte Stansfield celebrated her 100th birthday. There were five generations represented at the domestic gathering.

THE EX-QUEEN OF SERBIA, Natalie, was forcibly expelled from Belgrade.

NEAR Churchillville, Ont., a cow caused the derailment of a train, and the engineer and a farmer were killed and two brakemen fatally injured.

A new ministry has been formed in Portugal. The reports of a revolution in that country were said to be untrue.

AT Belleville, Ont., James Kane was exonerated for the murder of his wife Elizabeth.

THE KING of Roumania celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne.

THE devastated town of Rowno, Poland, and 700 persons were made homeless.

WHITE insane Joseph Lefai, a farmer living near Endony, Hungary, killed his three children by crushing their skulls with a spade and then killed himself.

A TERRIFIC wind and rainstorm inflicted great damage to property in Paris.

BY AN ACCIDENT in a colliery near Cardiff, Wales, ten men were killed.

A FATAL ERROR.

TWO PARTIES of Nebraska Vigilantes met each other for cattle thieves and engaged in a shooting match. Judge Atkins, treasurer of Blaine County, killed the real criminal. He also shot dead.

DUNNING, Neb., May 25.—Friday morning a questionable character by the name of McAlvey stole a couple of steers from a man named Craig, living in the southeast part of Blaine county. He drove them within 2 miles of Brewster to Dr. Palmer's place, which is vacant, and put them up in the stable. Craig followed him and a couple of his neighbors fell in, and they tracked the steers to where they were corralled. Craig wished to turn the steers out and take them home, but the neighbors decided that they had better watch and catch the thief. Meantime quite a crowd of people among them Judge C. W. Aikens, treasurer of Blaine county, had assembled to assist in the watch. About 11 o'clock Friday night McAlvey came to get the stolen steers. The crowd collared him and made him acknowledge that he stole the cattle and also that a negro by the name of Eli Creighton assisted him. The watchers had separated without any sign or password whereby they could recognize each other. It was then decided to send McAlvey to Brewster in charge of Judge Aikens, and the rest of the vigilantes scattered in the hope of catching Creighton. McAlvey was accordingly strapped to a horse which was tied to Judge Aikens' animal.

The two men had gone about a mile toward Brewster when three men were heard riding toward them. The night was very dark and it was impossible to distinguish a person across the road. Judge Aikens took the riders to be the negro Creighton and some of his gang, and though the chances against him were desperate, he bravely commanded the three men to hold, instead of halting, however, they opened fire at short range. The judge also pulled his revolver and returned the fire, but before he could fire a second time he was shot through the body and fell from his horse, dying instantly. Almost at the same instant McAlvey, the thief bound to the horse, was pierced through the heart by a bullet. The three men who had done the killing, after assuring themselves that both the judge and McAlvey were dead, rode hurriedly to Palmer's ranch and informed the vigilants on guard there that they had killed two of the thieves. The whole party at once returned to the scene of the tragedy, and it was not until then that the terrible mistake was discovered. A young man named Rittenhouse and two friends were the ones who did the deadly work under the impression that Judge Aikens and his prisoner were cattle thieves coming to McAlvey's assistance. They are nearly crazed at the terrible result of their mistake. The whole trouble was caused by failure to comply with the rules of the anti-Stock Theft association, which provide that in an emergency of this kind a signal and password shall be agreed upon by those participating. No arrests have been made. The unfortunate affair has exasperated everybody to a high degree against the stock thieves, and active search is being made for all fugitives for Eli Creighton, the negro implicated by the confession of McAlvey, and, if captured, it is certain that he will be hanged or shot short notice.

The whole country is in mourning over Judge Aikens' untimely death as he was a man universally liked and respected. He was a prominent democrat, a delegate to the last national convention and a candidate for the supreme bench at the coming election.

BOTH WERE KILLED.

Two Indian men fight a solitary combat to the death.

PENNSYLVANIA, Ind., May 25.—Saturday evening about 9 o'clock a horse and buggy were found by Joseph Dean in front of his house, about 2 miles south of town. The buggy contained the body of William Johnson with a bullet through his heart. In the buggy were two pistols with several chambers of each empty. As it was known that Johnson and Lafe Sprinkle had been together in the buggy search was made for the missing man, who was found about a quarter of a mile nearer town lying by the side of the road with a bullet through each of his lungs. Sprinkle had been taken to his home, where he died about midnight. It is not known how the shooting originated, as there was no witness of the affair, but it is known that both men nursed an old grudge, left town together in Sprinkle's buggy, and they probably fought it out with the above result.

CARRIED OVER THE FALLS.

Five men drowned while crossing the Kettle River near Sandstone, Minn.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 25.—A terrible accident occurred in the Kettle river near Sandstone, Minn., Saturday evening. A boatload of men were crossing the river at dusk and ventured too near Kettle falls. The boat was caught in the rapids and whirled over the falls. Thomas Barry, of Chippewa Falls, and Charles A. McIver, of Augusta, Me., both prominent lumbermen and Swan Peterson, were drowned. A boy named Whitesides and a man whose name could not be learned are missing and are probably drowned.

DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Kearns' Escape of a Large Number of Sunday School Children.

CHICAGO, May 25.—Ammann Baptist church, Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street, was damaged by fire at 9:30 Sunday morning to the extent of \$15,000. One hundred children who had assembled in the Sunday school room on the second floor in the rear of the church escaped without injury, but a panic was only averted by the skill and good management of the teacher. The fire is supposed to have been caused by a defective pipe in the basement.

BURNED TO DEATH.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 25.—Two children of Felix Lawyer, a railroad man, were burned to death in a fire which broke out at his house. The children were alone in the kitchen, when a bolt in the stove ignited some clothes hanging over it. They were dead before they could be rescued. The mother was badly burned in trying to reach them. The other children were saved.

GILDED BY LIGHTNING.

Twenty-Two Lives Lost.

IRVING, May 25.—A vessel with a large cargo was capsized on the Hawley Saturday and twenty-two of its crew were drowned.

REVISION SHELVED.

THE Presbyterian Assembly postponed action on the changes in the Confession of Faith—Abstract of the Proposed Alterations.

DEMORR, Mich., May 23.—In Friday's session of the Presbyterian general assembly, the report of the committee on revision of the confession of faith was read by the chairman, Rev. William C. Roberts, D. D., president of the Lake Forest university. The extended debate on the revision of the confession was no doubt closed for this year by the adoption of Dr. Hayes' motion that the report of the committee be sent to the Presbyteries for criticism, etc., during which the committee—continued at its request till next assembly—can then make its final report.

The following is an abstract of the changes recommended by the committee on revision:

"In chapter I of the Holy Scriptures, section 2, is inserted the words: 'And the truthfulness of the history, the faithful witness of prophecy and miracle,' among the arguments for the inspiration of the Scriptures.

"Chapter 3 of God's eternal decree" has section 2 unchanged; sections 3 and 4 are deleted.

"Section 5 which in the present confession relating to predestination includes section 3 and is amended to read as follows:

"To the end that the authority of the state might arbitrarily to incite family and national strife, and that the individual might be compelled to violate the rights and interests of public power without violating the rights of individuals. To go beyond these limits would violate the nature of things. The state should not destroy or absorb paternal power to consolidate the power of the capitalist and of the slaveholder. In subordinating the individual to an omnipotent of faith in Christ, our religious leaders put more of the effort of salvation into the church than into the temporal welfare of man."

"Section 7 is unchanged, save in numeration, 'chapter 10, Christian receives some inheritance' is changed to 'the inheritance of the church.' Chapter 11, 'the church is the inheritance of society as much as of individuals,' is changed to 'the church is the inheritance of society as much as of individuals.'

"Section 12 is unchanged, save in numeration, 'chapter 10, Christian receives some inheritance' is changed to 'the inheritance of the church.'

"Section 13 is unchanged, save in numeration, 'chapter 10, Christian receives some inheritance' is changed to 'the inheritance of the church.'

"Section 14 is unchanged, save in numeration, 'chapter 10, Christian receives some inheritance' is changed to 'the inheritance of the church.'

"Section 15 which in the present confession includes section 3 and is amended to read as follows:

"A capital error is to believe that the rich and the proletarian are condemned by nature to mutual antagonism. Capital is powerless without work, and without work the proletarian is powerless without capital. The proletarian cannot and ought not to obtain wealth by either capitalist or master. But in order to obtain respect for their rights they must abstain from violence. They ought not to have recourse to sedition nor to listen to the clamorous promises of agitators."

"Section 16 which in the present confession includes section 3 and is amended to read as follows:

"The doctrine of justification, of saving faith, of good works and of religious works receive some additions.

"The pronouncement upon Justitia ecclesiastica monachorum curia" is simplified, supplying "monastic monks" for "monachorum curia."

"Chapter 3 of chapter 12 is changed to read as follows:

"All infants dying in infancy and all other persons who from birth to death are incapable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the Word are redeemed by Christ and regenerated into the kingdom of God, and are fit for salvation."

"The pronouncement upon Justitia ecclesiastica monachorum curia" is simplified, supplying "monastic monks" for "monachorum curia."

"The chapter on the universal offer of the gospel is made more complete in terms.

"The doctrine of justification, of saving faith, of good works and of religious works receive some additions.

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Real Estate Loan

EXCHA

I have over 300 of the most
Rhinelanders for sale, ranging in
Also many of the Finest Busi-
Time given purchasers who in
Sole agent for all property
Brown Brothers, S. H. Alban and

• • LOAN

I can place any amount of my
per cent. of its value on
STEAMER PASSENGER.

**How a Clever Woman Was Caught
on Shipboard.**

When my packet ship, the *Hermione*, was preparing to sail from Liverpool for New York, I was warned to take precautions against receiving as passenger a certain Mary Youngson, who, while nursing her sick husband—a man considerably her senior—had poisoned him to death, had laid hold of all the money and valuables she could get, and then had made off. It was thought that she would try to leave England on some outward-bound ship—most likely for America, where she had friends—and therefore I sharply scrutinized the passengers, eight in number, who were brought off to my vessel in a tender. As they stepped aboard I was relieved to perceive that none of them tallied with the description I had obtained of Miss Youngson, who was told, was a beautiful woman, about five feet six inches in height, and very slender, with brown hair, dark eyes, and a clear complexion. She had been born and educated abroad, but her father had been an Englishman, and an amateur actor, from whom she had inherited a remarkable capacity for depicting people as to her character.

Two of the female passengers who now came aboard were married ladies, and of dark complexion; there were also two young women of about twenty-one; one a Miss Lorton, plain and stout; the other, Miss Merwin, slender and tall, apparently not less than five feet nine inches, with the most childish, innocent looking face, for one of her age, that I ever saw. She had brown hair and eyes, small, baby-like features and smooth, glowing cheeks, which were constantly dimpled with smiles. As she slightly lifted her long skirt, we saw that instead of shoes or boots she wore ornamental buskins of some kind of soft leather, and were made of fine material.

"She is here," was his confident reply, when I remarked that there must be some mistake. "I have not watched through the hole I bored in the partition for nothing."

"Why, um!" I cried aghast, "she cannot be the guilty one. She is innocent itself—as artless as a child. Besides, she is very tall and young; whereas I have been told that the murderer was much shorter, and nearly twice as old."

He laughed in a way which to me was indescribably disagreeable.

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"I don't suspect, he interrupted; "I know she is the criminal!"

"But she is young, plain and stout; the accused woman was slender."

"Bah!" he again interrupted. "Disguse! That will explain all. It is easy for a woman of that kind to make herself look younger and stouter than she really is. Should we fall in with a good Liverpool-bound ship, I shall arrest this woman and take her on board of it with me. I will go back to my room now. You may or may not see me again before we sight a home-bound craft."

With that he glided like a shadow into the cabin.

Now, then, I had something to keep me awake—to drive all thoughts of turning in from my mind. So, after all, that woman—that terrible murderer—was aboard my ship!

I began to walk the deck in no pleasant frame of mind, and the morning light stole around me before I was aware that the hour was so late.

When breakfast was ready in the cabin, Miss Merwin was absent from her accustomed place at the table. During the progress of the meal, I looked more than once at Miss Lorton—the stout young lady who the detective had positively asserted was Mary Youngson, the poisoner.

The quiet dignity and composure of her manner, the frank, honest expression of her face, and its undeniably plainness seemed to me so natural, so real, that I marvelled how the detective contrived to penetrate through so perfect a disguise.

Feeling tired out after breakfast, I slept until near noon.

When I went on deck, Tom was supervising the repairing of the sprinker-hoop.

"It is very strange," he said to me, merrily, "Miss Merwin has not yet shown herself."

The day wore on without our seeing her. Even at supper-time she did not make her appearance.

Tom took off his coat and concerned. Finally he went and knocked at her door, calling her name. There was no response.

"I do not know what to make of it," he said, to me on deck. "Oh, father!" he added, merrily, "is it possible she can have suddenly died?"

"I don't think so," I answered—"she seemed to be in good health"; and then thought to myself, "Were it not that we are where we are, and she a different sort of person, I might suspect that she had absconded with your money."

As night approached, her non-appearance excited general comment, and I was advised to break open the door, which was locked. I did so, and we found her room empty. Her trunk was still there, but she was gone.

My son looked at us as pale as death. "My God! what can have become of her?" he groaned.

In fact, it certainly was a very singular case; and, coupled with my previous observation of the strange shortening of the young woman's stature, it seemed to me to portend almost of the supernatural.

"May she not have gone on deck last night and fallen overboard?" inquired one of the passengers.

"Impossible!" I answered. "It was clear moonlight. I was on deck all night; and, besides, I had good looks posted about the ship. The thing could not have happened unknown to us."

We looked to see if we might not find a note or something explanatory, but in vain.

Then I ordered a thorough search to be made throughout the ship. This was done; but no, she was not to be found, though every nook and corner was searched at least three inches shorter than I had hitherto seen it!

I was the only one who noticed her at that time, and on meeting my gaze she drew back as quick as a flash, and vanished in the cabin.

The strange phenomenon I had witnessed for a moment almost took away my breath. My whole mind was fixed upon this one thing, and when my son

came up, a few hours later, to take the elicit, I described the singular change I had noticed in Miss Merwin's stature. He stared at me first as if he might me mad; then broke out into irredeemable laugh, saying that my eyes or the imperfect light must have deceived me.

"I knew better, however; but, finding could not convince him, I told him to wait until the young lady should appear at breakfast in the morning, when he might see for himself.

Two hours later the second mate came up to relieve Tom, who was then below. The officer, seeing me with the presence of the detective, and telling him what he had said, and so, perhaps, brightened him up a little.

I did so, but my words had an effect when I had finished, "and I will solve this mystery. In a few days I may be able to do it—perhaps not for a week." He left him and went on deck. Tom was there, looking so downcast and forlorn that I resolved to acquaint him with the presence of the detective, and tell him what he had said, and so, perhaps, brightened him up a little.

I had not expected. Reflecting a moment, he cried out: "Father, I believe that man is a humbug! But, whether he be a detective or not, I now suspect that he is a thief and a murderer; that he knew of Miss Merwin's having that \$7,000 bond, and that, in order to possess himself of it, he has killed her and thrown her body overboard."

I stared at him in amazement, and told him I feared that his grief had disturbed his reason. How was it possible?

"I am a detective, and got aboard in the harbor through the connivance of one of my crew—I'm not going to tell you which one—he also supplies me with food. I have been all along in the stateroom next to Miss Merwin's with my carpet-bag. Had you looked in the room you would have seen me, but you probably missed the key or thought it was lost."

"That is true; but—"

"Here is my warrant," he interrupted, handing me a paper, which, on reading it by the lantern's light, I perceived was a signed document, apparently from the proper authorities, instructing John Clews, the bearer, a detective, to conceal himself aboard the *Hermione*, and act as he might see fit in his endeavor to detect the murderer. Mrs. Youngson, who it was suspected, was a passenger in disguise aboard that vessel.

"She is here," was his confident reply, when I remarked that there must be some mistake. "I have not watched through the hole I bored in the partition for nothing."

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The interior of Labrador is said to be the largest unexplored area on the continent, and it has a waterfall with a sheer descent of 2,000 feet.

It is said that every telegraph pole in the remote country districts of Norway has to be continually watched on account of the bears. These animals have a mania for climbing the poles and sitting on the cross beams, swinging backward and forward until the pole finally falls down.

In relation to his scheme for a tubular railway across the straits of Dover, Sir E. G. Reed points out that, unlike the tunnel, the tube can be destroyed, if required, with torpedoes or mines by the fleet, and hence could never be used by an enemy to maintain the communications of an army of invasion.

The German government has just

furnished its female telephone operators with uniforms, which are described as picturesque and becoming. The summer waist is made of some light woolen stuff, striped in white and blue, while the winter jacket is of fine tricot cloth or postilion blue. The waists have a collar, breast reverse and cuffs, bound in red, and they are very natty and attractive.

The discovery of an enormous underground reservoir of water in the midst of the Sahara desert will undoubtedly develop trade and travel through that region. Explorations have shown that there are large portions of the Sahara which are really capable of cultivation, and after a time it will doubtless be as completely reclaimed from the map as has been the Great American desert.

The Newcastle Society of Antiquaries rejoices in the exhibition of a notable relic of old times, the Clifton spur.

According to old border habit,

when the chieftain's banner happened to be empty, it was the custom to place the head of the dead chief on the spear.

He could have choked her to death, carried her to one of the open cabin windows, and dropped her through that," he replied.

"Impossible!" I answered, "without

the splash being overheard by the man at the wheel, or by some one on deck.

Besides, I doubt if he could have

squeezed the body through either of our cabin windows, which, you know, are very small."

Tom, however, seemed to think it

could have been done, owing to Miss Merwin being so slender, and, in spite of all my efforts, I could not entirely rid him of that horrible idea.

Days passed, for we had bad winds which kept us off our course, but as yet the detective had nothing to tell me, though he said he soon might be able to explain the whole affair.

A strange affair enough. Never before had I had such an experience, or anything approaching to it, in any craft I commanded. The passengers were equally puzzled; it was the talk of the ship, and the crew, too.

At last, one afternoon, when we had entered St. George's channel, he came up to me, and said, in a husky voice:

"It is as I thought! Quick! I have

something to show you! Make no noise!"

I followed him. We both wore light

slippers, and without noise entered the room Miss Merwin had occupied. He pointed to a crevice, which he had

evidently made in the partition, and looking through it I saw the detective, in the next apartment, kneeling by his open carpet-bag, from which now protruded the identical buskins I could not mistake them—which Miss Merwin had worn. Spread out before him, he held a five thousand dollar bond—evidently the one which my son had given the young lady.

"You see?" he whispered. "Was I not right? He has murdered her!"

Low as the whisper was, the man evidently heard it, for he pushed the buskins, and after them the bond, hastily down into the bag, which he marked as a prize winner.

French shipyards have in process

of construction the French navy six

armored battleships, four armored ships

for coast defense, two armored gun-

boats, five armored cruisers, three

cruisers of the first-class and four

of the second; two torpedo cruisers,

seventeen high sea torpedo-boats,

twenty-four torpedo-boats of the first-class and twenty-six of the second. The armored ships have a tonnage of 99,026, the cruisers of 65,436, the torpedo-boats 7,084. The total cost of all these naval structures will be \$70,000,000.

The Reinhard says that salted

beef from America is so fat, so wretchedly

and inferior in quality, that

OUR INVISIBLE FOES.

The Wonderful Little Creatures Called Microbes.
—Facts which Read like the Wildest Fiction.—The Attention These Tiny Animals Are Attracting from Learned Men of Science.

Wisdom cautions us not to think too lightly of small things; but when things are too small for eyes to see them, we are apt to think that they concern no one save the infatuated microscopist. We ordinary people would be quite content to ignore them provided only that they would let us alone in return. But the small things called "microbes" will enter into no such compact. However tiny they are, no one can call them insignificant, for they have probably killed more people and destroyed more property than have all the famous soldiers from Sisera to Bismarck.

Microbes, nowadays, lay down the law to physicians, surgeons, hospital nurses, and architects. Some of the greatest minds of our time spend their best efforts in studying the manners and customs of these microscopic beings, and the books and pamphlets which have been written about them are numerous enough to make a library in themselves. These have all been published since 1860, and most of them have appeared within the last decade; for though nature has kept a large supply of microbes constantly on hand since the days of Adam, and though they have been all around us, and even within us, yet, until very recently they have eluded the observation of the whole human race.

The term "microbe" is a new one, and probably it will not be found in the reader's "Webster," or "Worcester." It is derived from two Greek words meaning "small life." Microbes are living things so minute that "billions" of them may weigh less than one grain. They are generally supposed to be plants; but some students believe that they possess, to a very slight degree, some animal senses and powers. Among organisms so small, and so low in the scale of creation, the line of division between the animal and the vegetable kingdom is not clearly drawn. It may be that these microscopic beings, like the so-called coral "insect," partake of the nature of animal and plant.

As a sunflower develops from a seed, or an oak from an acorn, the microbe grows from a tiny, round "spore." These spores are everywhere, and so are the microbes, which are spores grown up. They float in the air in myriads, and they can be distinguished from dust, under the microscope, by their forms. They are washed down by falling rain, and the first drops of a shower are full of them. The number of these little organisms in the atmosphere varies according to the hour, the season, the temperature, the humidity, or the force and direction of the wind. A French scientist has discovered that they are very abundant about eight o'clock in the morning. Their number decreases until noon, and then increases again towards sunset. "At about eleven o'clock p.m.," says the naturalist, "the outdoor air is more impure than at any other hour in the twenty-four; and hence people who are early to bed have science as well as proverbial philosophy on their side."

Some microbes are found in the cells of water-plants. Many dwell in the soil, and these are useful in changing inert mineral substances—quartz, mica, or hornblende—into food for our flowers and vegetables.

All the tissues of healthy living animals contain microbes in large numbers. Some do not in the blood of fishes. Some salt-loving forms live in the sea, and some inhabit those fine tubes which carry perspiration to the surface of the body. There are some in the stomach, and many in the intestines. The blood is free from them, except in two diseases—anthrax and recurrent fever; but the saliva is full of them at all times. In fact, each of us is really a host in himself.

A few microbes dwell in fresh stagnant water teeming with them. If you are mixed with mud, dust, or silt, they grow in every rivulet; that is, as motes in every sunbeam, and fly on every breeze. They are scattered everywhere; and some, favored by chance, survive and produce countless progeny.

If these unavoidable little things were all poisonous, the human race would have come to an end long ago; but many of them, fortunately for us, are perfectly harmless. Some, however, do injure our possessions. These are mischief-makers which spoil meat and sour cream. Stagnation, death in any swarm with life when through lenses.

These little spoilers are easily killed outright, by cold. They are sensitive to it, because ants which live on pine slopes, the sun was warm here and there, on the mountain side, there were patches of snow. The ants were running about in the warm grass, and on the warm rocks close by. Tyndall put some of them on the snow, and in a few seconds, after some languid struggles, they became paralyzed, and lay as if dead. When they were moved back to the warm rock they immediately became lively again; but when they were replaced upon the snow the death-like numbness seized upon them once more.

The same is true of microbes; and this is the whole philosophy of the preservation of meat by cold, and the reason for the existence of the icebox and the icebox. When the fishmonger surrounds his wares with ice, he means the microbes which cause decay, so that they cannot grow and multiply. So long as they are held cool, the fish will remain sweet and sound.

The body of a hairy elephant was found encased in Siberian ice. It had been there for ages, yet when the flesh was at last, had been, it was perfectly fresh, and made a most sumptuous feast for the wild beasts of that region.

Warmth awakens microbes into astonishing activity; and this is why one hot day is so disastrous to butchers and dairy men. Great heat, however, does not kill them; and so we can preserve meat by partially cooking it, and then making it cool, so that it turns sour, and the butchers' millionaire.

Housewives and housekeepers all afford to a tiny microbe, but the person who has the deepest interest in its nature and conduct is the doctor. It has been established by microscopists that these minute organisms bring about many of the ills of our health. As far as our health is concerned, it is great authority that Pasteur thinks that all fevers and contagious diseases are caused by them.

Maladies inflicted by microbes are

caused by the malignant bacterium, "germ disease." Of this nature are leprosy, hydrocephalus, pneumonia, diphtheria, erysipelas, yellow fever and cholera, and recent discoveries have added to the list consumption, that dread scourge which kills one-tenth of the entire human race.

Each disease is produced by one sort of microbe with its own distinctive habits and personal appearance. Thus, the mischief-maker which causes cholera begins its evil career as a globe with a tail, looking like a tadpole or a comma. As it grows older it assumes the form of the letter C, the figure 2, or the figure 8, or it presents a wavy outline, like that of a distant bird upon the wing. It lives in the intestines, and grows and multiplies there with wonderful rapidity. In so doing it produces a chemical poison.

Like ourselves, animals fall a prey to invisible foes, which cause chickenpox in the boy yard and glanders in the stable, mephitics and insects suffer from distresses caused by the attacks of like tiny enemies, and even plants are not exempt, for a microbe causes the "yellow disease" of hydrangeas, and the despatch of the window gardener.

Our invisible enemies are terrible in spite of their smallness, because of the tremendous forces which they can bring into the field. The sober statement of their powers of increase sounds like a bit of extravagance from the "Arabian Nights." It is estimated that, given ample room, congenital temperature, and abundant food, a single microbe will multiply so fast that there will be fifteen millions of them at the end of twenty-four hours.

Science begins to distinguish one sort of microbes from another as easily as unscientific people distinguish a rose from a buttercup. Each known variety bears a name many times as big as itself. And just as the botanist recognizes the tuberoses, the hyacinths and the humble asparagus, so related members of one great order—the lily family—the microscopist classifies into a few groups the many microbes he makes cognizance of.

Some appear under the lenses as motionless specks, and these are called "monads," "monera," or "microcosms." Some are long, narrow and still, and lie in the field of the microscope like scattered sticks. These are called "bacteria" or "bacilli," "little rods."

Some are like short rods with rounded ends. Some look like helix coils and some resemble corkscrews, and are forever in motion, alternately relaxing and tightening their coils. Some mass together, and some join end to end, forming living chains.

Since the scientist has introduced himself to the microbe there has been little short of a revolution in the practice of medicine and surgery. There have been most important changes in the management, and even in the structure of hospitals.

The study of microbe, or bacteria as they are often called, is now a distinct science known as "bacteriology." It is yet in its infancy, but already this promising infant has presented the impending loss of valuable property, spared humanity an immense amount of pain and sorrow, saved many lives, and led to other beneficial and practical results which could not be even briefly mentioned in the limits of one short article.—E. M. Hardinge, in "Doubtless's Monthly."

Much passing.

When a stranger comes upon a person living in a lonely place he is usually struck by the complete identification of the man with his locality, and the effect is often drab enough. An illustration of this is given in a scrap of conversation between a traveler and a man who lived in an isolated house on a western prairie.

"You must be terribly lonely here," said the visitor, who was proceeding to establish a cattle ranch. "I suppose there is never any passing."

"Old yes," was the reply, "sometimes there is considerable. Why, only day before yesterday the three hundred went by."

"Three hundred people?" the visitor exclaimed, in amazement. "I shouldn't have thought it possible."

"Oh, not people," said the other, equally surprised at being so mistaken.

"Three hundred head of cattle."

"I see," the stranger answered, smiling at his own error. "I have not become part of the country yet, or I should have known what you meant."

Youth's Companion.

Very particular.

A young married couple lived very happily together. One morning, however, the young wife was very morose at the breakfast table and behaved in a most extraordinary way. The husband noticed the change in her manner, but, on being questioned by him as to the cause of it, she would not give him satisfaction until he finally insisted on being told what was the matter.

"Well," she said, "if I dream again that you have kissed another woman I will not speak to you again as long as I live." Light.

The End Thing.

Bursar (Neligh university)—Old Mr. Millard has left \$100,000 in his will. President (dotted)—Oh, dear! Telegraph to Fileen & Robins, and offer a first mortgage on one library building as a retainer.—Puck.

All He Was Worth.

Snively—I hear that poor Muggins is dead.

Snowgrass—Yes. Life insured.

Snowgrass—For five thousand dollars.

Snowgrass—Oh, well; the loss is fully covered.—Judge.

Wanted to Buy.

I will pay the highest cash price for 4 ft. nail bolts, delivered at my mill in any quantity, up to 2,000 cords.

H. G. Robins.

Disposition Notice.

The firm of Edwards & Flynn is dissolved by mutual consent. B. F. Edwards will receive all money due and pay all debts against the firm.

B. F. Edwards,

Jesse Flynn

Dated, Rhinelander, Wis., Apr. 30, 91.

A NEW TYPEWRITER!

—THE—



INTERNATIONAL.



1000 CORDS OF SLABS!

J. E. CLANCY, ARCHITECT.

Plans and Estimates for Residences and all classes of buildings. Correspondence promptly answered and no charge made unless plans are accepted.

ANTIGO, WIS.

1000 CORDS OF SLABS!

D. B. Stevens & Son

Have 1000 Cords of Slabs for Sale. 50 cts. at Mill or \$1.00 Delivered. Christmas candies in boxes at the postoffice building. Large assortment and the best in the market.

Eagle Livery Stable

I. N. THOMPSON, Prop'r.

Rigs single or double at all hours. Picnic and fishing parties taken at reasonable rates. Give me a call.

JAMES G. DUNN'S City Dray Line.

Will attend promptly to any business in that line.

H. LEWIS, Wine, Liquor and Cigar

MERCHANT.

Stoltzman Block, Rhinelander, Wis.

My goods are the very best, and I can supply customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale prices.

Fine California Wines a Specialty.

Give me a call and sample goods and prices.

C. KREUGER,

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Crayon, India Ink, Oil, Water Colors, and

Paste Portraits

a Specialty.

Gallery always open.

J. Weisen's Provision Depot!

Is always stocked with seasonable goods. The finest butter, eggs and everything usually found in a provision store. Potatoes at wholesale, or retail. Give me a call. Brown street.

Don't Forget the Place

GEO. JENKINSON & SON,

Oneida House. CHAS. WILSON, Prop.

Day and week board at reasonable rates. A first-class house in every respect. Headquarters for Michigan men

CITY LAUNDRY

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First-class work and reasonable prices.

Laundry collected to any part of the city.

Office opposite Rapids House.

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ONIDA COUNTY LAND AND ABSTRACT CO.

Complete Abstract of all Lands in

Onida County.

A General Land Business Transactor

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RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN

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4 ft. nail bolts, delivered at my mill in

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